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# FAME AND FORTUNE

## STORIES OF BOYS WEEKLY. WHO MAKE MONEY.

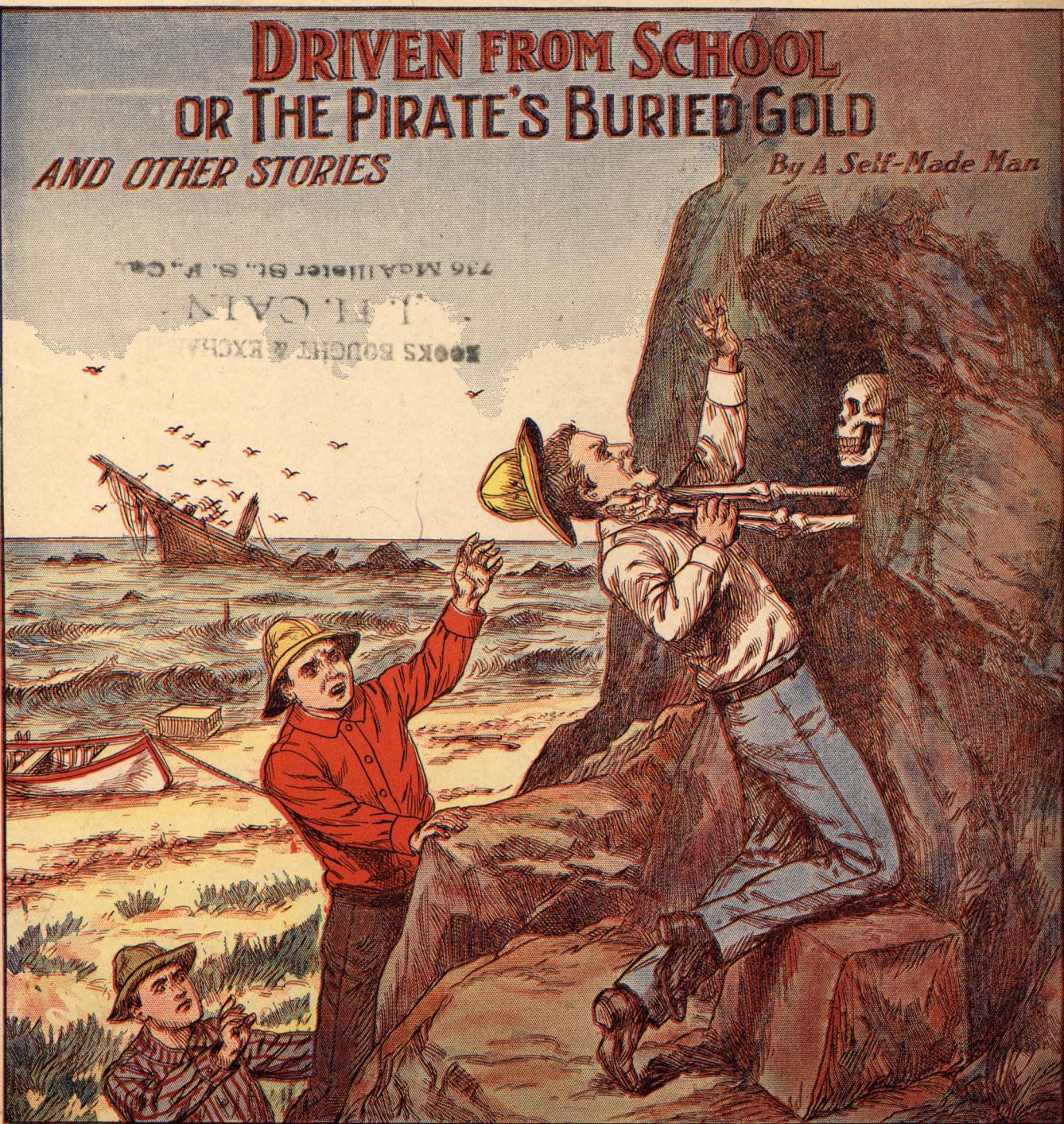
DRIVEN FROM SCHOOL  
OR THE PIRATE'S BURIED GOLD  
AND OTHER STORIES

By A Self-Made Man

736 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, U. S. A.

J. H. CAIN

BOOKS BOUGHT & SOLD



Then something happened. Two skeleton hands shot out of the hole and half clutched Jack by the throat, while a grinning skull stared him in the face. He uttered a wild yell of terror and started back.

# Fame and Fortune Weekly

## STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY

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No. 333.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 16, 1912.

Price 5 Cents.

# DRIVEN FROM SCHOOL

OR,

## THE PIRATE'S BURIED GOLD

BOOKS BOUGHT & EXCHANGED

J. H. CAIN

736 McAllister St., S. P., ~~Cal~~

CHAPTER I.

### THE RISE OF THE CURTAIN.

"They're the worst boys in the school!" said Doctor Pontifax, emphatically.

The doctor's eyes twinkled aggressively and his well-combed side-whiskers stuck out like the quills of a fretful porcupine.

His remark was addressed to Professor Smith, mathematical instructor, tall, thin and clerical in appearance, who sat facing him in his comfortable study.

Dr. Pontifax was stout, rather pompous in manner, slightly below the average height, and always dressed with scrupulous care and exactitude.

He was the principal and proprietor of the Hurricane Island Academy, which was situated on Hurricane Island, in Lake Superior, one mile off the north shore of the State of Wisconsin.

The island was one of a group known as the Apostle Islands, so named probably because there were twelve of them in a bunch.

Why Doctor Pontifax established his school for young gentlemen there, unless because of its healthy and romantic surroundings, we are not prepared to say, as we have no information on the subject.

Doubtless, his reasons were good, at least from his own point of view, or he would have selected some other site.

Although apparently out of the way it was quite accessible, being within five miles of the terminus of a short branch of the C. St. P., M. & O. Railroad.

The doctor advertised in the best educational publications and circulated a handsome prospectus among those who wrote for particulars.

The prospectus was illustrated with half-tone pictures of the island, the academy buildings, boating and swimming views, the baseball diamond and striking views of natural scenery in the immediate vicinity of the island.

The reading matter was terse and straight to the point—stating the advantages of the academy, without superfluous adjectives, the price of tuition, which was fairly stiff, and exactly what the doctor proposed to give in return for the money—first-class tuition, food, medical attendance, etc.

The doctor stated that while his institution was not a military academy, strict discipline was maintained and no favors were shown to any student because he happened to be the son of a family of unusual wealth and social standing.

A student transgressing any rule of the institution would be entitled to a hearing in his own defense.

If found guilty he would, if it was the first offence, be reprimanded, but for a second offence, he would be handled without gloves.

The doctor's prospectus evidently produced a favorable impression among parents who were about to send their sons to a first-class boarding school, for students came in fast, until at the time our story opens there were sixty on the roll and among them were Jack Ross, Sam Larkins and Will Drummond—three healthy American lads of about eighteen years, with progressive ideas.

Although the doctor stood for progress, he had his own ideas of the meaning of the word, therefore we regret to say that the up-to-the-minute views of the three boys in question clashed somewhat with his notions.

There was much about the three boys that Doctor Pontifax, who tried to be fair and broad-minded in all his dealings, admired.

They were manly, straightforward and industrious at their studies, in which they excelled, but they were a unit on the subject of equality and the rights of man, and altogether too radical in the practice of their hobby.

The doctor reasoned with them, then reprimanded them, and finally turned the screws on them, increasing the pressure by degrees.

And now the limit was reached and yet the three boys came to the scratch smiling and not the least bit groggy.

Doctor Pontifax hated to deliver the knockout blow—expulsion—but he felt he had no other resource.

The boys came of good families—Jack Ross' father was the president of a big Chicago national bank; Sam Larkins' father was a multi-millionaire soap manufacturer, while Will Drummond's paternal parent controlled a copper syndicate.

Those reasons had no weight with the doctor, though the names of the boys' fathers on his prospectus gave the school much prestige.

The boys' many good qualities stood more for them, but their extreme radicalism spoiled everything, in the doctor's eyes.

They stuck to the principle of the Constitution that all men were created equal and that the world and its contents were made for all, consequently everybody was entitled to an equal share with his neighbor, and no more, of everything that was on the earth or in the waters surrounding it.

They prided themselves on being philosophers, and had the courage of their convictions, for they were willing to suffer to maintain them.

The doctor, having delivered the forcible remark with which this chapter opens, looked at Professor Smith in expectation that he would concur in the sentiment.

He was disappointed.

The professor lifted his eyes deprecatingly.

"You are too hard on them, doctor," he said. "They're not bad at all—only a bit impetuous and reckless in their views and actions. Remember, we were young ourselves once and—"

"Pish!" interrupted the principal, impatiently. "They are absolutely unmanageable, and a continuance of their presence in the academy will completely demoralize it. I have built this institution up to its present enviable standing by carefully following the principles laid down in the prospectus, and I shall not suffer the good work to be undermined by the introduction of such radical nonsense as that advocated by those boys. Where they got it from is beyond me. It is not consistent with the wealth and social standing of their families. Such nonsense in boys of their conditions is inconceivable, Mr. Smith."

"They will outgrow it, sir," said the professor, who sympathized with the boys, though not with their alleged philosophy.

"I have no doubt they will," replied Doctor Pontifax, drily. "But I must decline to permit this academy to be the vehicle of the outgrowth. You are not aware that the parents of these lads have been obliged to remove them from three different schools to avoid having them expelled."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the professor, in surprise.

"They were sent here as a last resource, for several other institutions of learning, having got wind of their philosophy, refused to take them even on probation. I have communicated with their parents, requesting their removal from Hurricane Island Academy, as their principles were antagonistic to the policy of the school and could not be tolerated in justice to the institution and the other pupils."

"Then they are to go?" said Professor Smith, regretfully. "They are, but not in the way you surmise."

"How?"

"Each of their fathers has written me a letter acknowledging the receipt of my communication. I got the last one this morning. Judging by the uniformity of the language, and the nature of the contents of the letters, I judge that the parents of the boys have held a conference and decided on drastic measures."

"Indeed!"

"I am instructed to bring the boys before the whole school, cite their offence as strongly as I choose, and then publicly expel them without regard to their feelings. Each of the letters I received from the boys' parents contained a check made out to the order of the writer's son for the sum of \$100. I am directed to hand them to the lads, with \$10 in cash. The checks I am debarred from cashing. With the checks each boy will receive a sealed enclosure, which I apprehend expresses the intentions of his father toward him. As soon as practicable after their expulsion I am told to send the boys outside the limits of the academy, which means they are to be removed to the shore and left there to their own resources. They will be allowed to take all of their personal belongings with them if they chose to do so. Whatever part they abandon I am to forward to their homes."

The doctor paused and drummed on his desk, while the professor looked reflectively into the grate where a coal fire was burning, for the spring evening was cool.

"What do you think are the intentions of the fathers toward the boys?" asked the mathematical instructor, after a pause.

"I couldn't tell you, but I surmise that the three parents have taken the bull by the horns and are going to let the boys take a practical lesson in equality and the rights of man."

"You mean—"

"That their ridiculous philosophy is about to be put to a real test. I believe they are to be thrown upon the world to make their own way through their own exertions alone."

"Too bad—too bad! They are fine lads," said Professor Smith, regretfully.

"Too bad!" roared the doctor, his whiskers bristling again. "It is not too bad, sir. If either one of them were my son I should deal with him in that way. In medicine and surgery desperate cases must be treated with desperate remedies. These boys must learn by actual contact with prevailing conditions that there is no such a thing as equality in this world. The mentally and physically strong will always come to the front and rule their inferiors. The fact stands to reason, and no amount of argument can alter the inevitable. It will be the best lesson those boys can get. It will open their eyes and make real men of them. The themselves, if they live, will come to the surface like corks, for they have the qualities in them that spell success. They can't help it any more than

they can help breathing. That very success will teach them that though all men are apparently born equal they are not actually born so, and having assimilated the truth their philosophy will drop away from them as the dew vanishes before the rising sun."

Having thus delivered himself of the final word on the subject, Doctor Pontifax began talking on other matters connected with the school.

## CHAPTER II.

### A NEW SPREE.

Unaware of the storm that was hovering over their heads, Jack Ross, Sam Larkin and Will Drummond were sitting together in the former's room figuring on a new lark that was even more daring than anything that had preceded it.

In fact, the three boys, regarded by the worthy Doctor Pontifax as the scapegraces of the school, but by their schoolmates as the three finest and pluckiest chaps who wore shoeleather, always endeavored to improve on anything they had been connected with.

They were not bad boys by any means, but were simply a little too full of life, while in their heads buzzed the bee of Equality and the Rights of Man.

It certainly was strange that three boys, whose parents were above the average in wealth, and who moved in the best society in Chicago, should be possessed with the idea that all mankind ought to be equally endowed with this world's goods without respect to their natural qualifications to either earn their equal share or to retain it, supposing they did get possession of it.

To say the truth, there was more wind than real argument in the speeches the trio delivered to an admiring, if disbelieving, audience of schoolmates when they were riding their favorite hobby.

If they really believed in the rights of man, as they claimed, they paid very little attention to the rights of any one who was incommodeed by their pranks.

The very scheme they had now decided to pull off was a gross violation of the rights of man, inasmuch as they intended to steal out of the school by the way of Jack's window, go aboard a large sloop that lay at the little wharf after discharging a load of supplies for the school, take possession of her and sail off on a night's cruise to the most northern island of the Apostle group.

They were very fair fresh-water boatmen, these boys, and such a lark appealed to them greatly.

In any case, they had exhausted about everything on the calendar on the island, and a change of base was regarded by them as absolutely necessary to maintain their prestige, and add to it, among their school-fellows.

"When shall we start, Jack?" asked Sam, flattening his nose against the window-pane in a vain endeavor to catch a sight of the sloop through the darkness.

Jack, who was the acknowledged leader of the trio, and who had suggested this lark, which had been carried by acclamation, looked at the handsome little clock standing on a shelf.

"Get your pea-jackets, fellows, and we'll start at once. It's rather a cold night for a trip on the lake, but we can't help that. The chance might not come again for a month or six weeks, and maybe circumstances would be against us then, so we've got to make the most of our opportunity."

"That's right," nodded Will Drummond, as he got up. "Nothing like hitting the iron when it's hot."

Sam and Will hastened to their own rooms to don their comfortable pea-jackets, which were almost as warm as pilot-coats, while Jack pulled his off a nail in the closet and removing his natty house-coat, which he always wore in his room, got into it and buttoned it close up around his chin.

In a few minutes his chums returned, arrayed in their pea-jackets, and the caps they wore when afloat in the school boats.

From the closet Jack produced a long, knotted rope, one end of which he made fast to one of the iron posts of his bed.

"Now to douse the glim," he said, suiting the action to the word.

Opening the window softly, as high as it would go, he dropped out the slack of the rope.

It hung dangling within a few feet of the ground.

"As your leader, I shall go first," said Jack. "You follow me, Sam, and you, Will, close the window without noise before you let yourself down. Understand, my bullies?"

They understood, and in a few moments the three scapegraces stood on the turf below.

Led by Jack, they started for the wharf where the sloop lay with her owner and his son on board.

They saw a light in the study of Dr. Pontifax.

The blind was pulled down, but not so far but the boys could see into the room and recognize the figures of the principal and his mathematical professor engaged in conversation.

They did not dream that they were the subjects of that conversation.

"The doctor will have a fit when he learns we have gone on another spree," chuckled Jack.

"He'll read us the riot act good and proper when we get back," said Sam.

"Who cares?" put in Will. "He's done that several times before. I have got his call-down by heart. I know just what he'll say. The last time he said he was going to write to each of our fathers. If he did so we haven't heard anything about it so far. I think that was just a bluff. It wouldn't pay the Doc to lose three such distinguished and well-paying scholars as us."

"Come on," said Jack, "we have no time to lose."

The wharf was close at hand and they were soon standing beside the sloop.

The cabin door stood partly open and a bright light shone out.

Jack slipped on board and looked through the opening.

When he stepped back on the wharf he announced that the skipper and his son were playing cards.

The vessel was moored to the wharf, fore and aft, by two lines which could easily be unshipped from the iron rings to which they were fastened.

Dick partially loosened both ropes before making his next move.

Then he slipped on board the sloop again, tiptoed his way across the deck and began unloosening the gaskets that held the mainsail furled to the lower boom.

When he had accomplished this object the sail was ready for immediate hoisting.

He followed the same program with relation to the inner of the two jibs.

Then he returned to the dock.

"Now, fellows, everything is ready for hoisting sail," he said. "The moment we get the captain and his son out of the way we'll slip the mooring-ropes, jump aboard and make sail. You go to the forward mooring-line, Sam, and you to the other, Will. I'll attend to the guardians of the boat. Get on the job now."

The two boys obeyed orders.

Jack stepped noiselessly on board the craft and pushed open the cabin door.

The captain and his son stopped in the game and looked at the figure of the boy framed in the opening.

"Hello!" said the skipper. "What do you want?"

"I'm one of the scholars of the school," replied Jack.

"I thought you chaps were in bed at this hour," said the captain.

"Most of us are. The doctor, however, sent me down to tell you that as the night is chilly he'd be glad to have you and your son pay him a visit in his study and have a glass or two of whisky with him."

"I'll allow that's kind of him and rather unexpected. I have whisky aboard, but I daresay he has a much superior article, so seeing as he's invited us we'll go, son," said the skipper. "Turn down the glim and we'll finish the game when we get back."

Father and son left the cabin, after putting on their pilot-coats and hats, and started for the school building, accompanied by Jack.

"Do you see that door yonder?" said the boy, pointing.

"As plain as a pike-staff," said the captain, in his fog-horn voice.

"Go there and ring the bell. A servant will admit you. Tell him the doctor sent for you to come to his study, and he'll show you the way there."

"Thank ye," said the mariner, starting for the door, followed by the son.

Jack made a bluff of walking around the building, but as soon as the figures of the sloop-owner and his son became indistinct in the gloom he turned around and made a rapid bee-line for the wharf.

"Hurry, fellows, and jump aboard," he said, springing on deck.

They followed him in two minutes and the sloop began floating away from the wharf.

"Hoist the jib, Sam!" cried Jack. "You, Will, help me raise the mainsail."

There was a creaking sound as the sheets passed over the pulleys in the blocks.

The smacking breeze which was blowing on the lake caught the canvas as it rose and swung the sloop around.

Sam got the jib up easily and belayed the ends of the sheets to a cleat near the bowsprit.

Jack and Will made fast as soon as they got the mainsail fully up.

The former then rushed to the helm and put the vessel into the wind.

He issued directions to his companions to ease the boom off to starboard as far as he judged was safe for the course he was following.

When the boys looked back over the stretch of water behind them, the wharf, school and Hurricane Island had disappeared in the gloom of the clouded night.

### CHAPTER III.

#### DRIVEN FROM SCHOOL.

"This is fine!" said Sam, as the sloop bowled along at a lively rate.

"What direction are you heading, Jack?" asked Will.

"East-northeast," replied Jack.

"That will take us past Presque Isle," said Sam.

"Of course. Then we'll make for the northern point of Outer Isle and put in at the creek where we've often been."

"That's where the cave is," said Will.

"It will be about midnight by the time we reach the creek. We'll moor the sloop there and turn in on the bunks in the cabin. There are four of them, or one more than we need."

"And in the morning we'll sail back in time to get our breakfast in the refectory as usual."

"Breakfast in the refectory!" grinned Jack. "Bread and water in the dark hole more like. We're in for it this time, fellows, but what's the difference? We are sure to win the applause and admiration of the rest of the chaps, and that's what we're after."

"Suppose we should be expelled for this lark?" said Sam.

"It won't be the first time we got our walking papers, though not that way."

"But I like Hurricane Island Academy better than any school I've been to."

"So do I," put in Will.

"Me, too, for that matter. Oh, if the doctor goes so far as to threaten us with expulsion we'll promise to haul in our horns—for awhile."

They were now running along the southeastern end of Presque Isle, and Jack ran the sloop close in shore, as the night was so dark that he was afraid they might get out of their course somehow.

Suddenly he noticed a light ahead on the island.

It was evidently a fire, around which several forms could be seen standing.

"I wonder who's ashore there?" said Sam. "I don't see any boat."

"Nobody that we know, I'll gamble on that," returned Jack.

"I don't know. They might be some of the village boys," said Will.

"That's right. I didn't think about them. But I shouldn't think they'd be out here at this hour."

As the sloop came abreast of the fire the party on the island noticed her.

One of them seized a flaming brand, ran down to the water's edge and hailed them.

It was a man's voice, and it was clear that he wanted them to put in there.

"It's a man and a stranger," said Sam. "I don't see that we need notice him. He or his friends are nothing to us."

"I'll run a little closer in and see what he wants," said Jack.

The sloop edged nearer the island, and the man who hailed them kept pace with her, waving the brand in the air and shouting for the craft to put in.

"Go forward, Sam, and ask him what he wants," said Jack.

Sam got up and walked to the bow.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"We want to be taken off this island," replied the man.

"Haven't you got a boat of your own?"

"We sunk her on a rock," came back the reply, which Jack and Will easily heard.

"We can't take you off now," said Sam. "We're bound for

Outer Isle. We'll stop for you in the morning when we come back."

"We can't wait till mornin'. We want to get off to-night. We'll pay you well if you will take us aboard and carry us to the main shore."

"Couldn't think of it," replied Sam, to whom money was no object.

The man stopped, let the expiring brand fall to the ground, the sloop shot ahead into the gloom and the fire disappeared from sight.

"I wonder who those chaps are?" said Sam, when he came back to the cockpit where Jack and Will sat.

"You tell me and I'll tell you," replied Jack.

"As long as they've got a fire they won't suffer, and probably some other boat will come along before morning and rescue them. I for one didn't want them aboard, for it would interfere with our cruise. By the time we landed on the main shore it would be too late to hink of returning toward Outer Isle," said Sam.

"That's what," nodded Will. "We'd have to lay up at the village wharf and there wouldn't be any fun in that. We wouldn't be able to brag about having gone to the creek in Outer Isle."

"Hello! There's their craft, I guess," said Jack, pointing.

His companions looked and could just make out the mast and rigging of a small sailboat rising about the water.

The roof of the trunk cabin was awash, showing that the boat had sunk in five or six feet of water, though it was possible the tide was either higher or lower then than when she struck.

"They must have been dopes to run her on a rock," said Sam.

"Oh, I don't know," said Jack. "It's dark and they are probably strangers to the island. If the tide was high they might easily have run foul of a rock."

"I'll bet they're mad because we wouldn't accommodate them."

"They're not in any danger. A night on Presque Island, with a fire to keep them warm, won't hurt them any."

They kept along within hailing distance of the shore till they reached the northern end of the island, then they headed northeast across a four-mile stretch of water and finally sighted Outer Isle.

As soon as they rounded the southeast point the boat was altered to a course due north.

The island was about seven miles long and they skirted its eastern shore as they had done with Presque Isle.

In due time they rounded its northern point and presently ran into the creek with which they were acquainted, dropped the sails and moored the craft fore and aft to the shore.

Then they entered the cabin and found it warm and comfortable after their long spell outside, for Sam had kept up the fire in the little stove, using the coal the skipper had provided for that purpose.

"Where do you suppose the captain of this sloop and his son will sleep to-night?" said Will, as he took off his peajacket, preparatory to turning in.

"Oh, the doctor will provide them with beds," replied Jack, as he gathered up the playing-cards that had been left on the table. "As long as we have a cosy nook to pass the night in we needn't worry about the skipper and his son."

That remark was hardly consistent with Jack's principles of the rights of man, for he and his companions had that night taken unwarrantable liberty with the rights of the skipper and his son.

Jack and his chums, however, didn't always practice what they preached.

They were willing to stick up for Equality and the Rights of Man when they did not interfere with their own notions of enjoyment.

Jack and his companions were troubled with no scruples respecting their conduct.

They were accustomed to do pretty much as they pleased, and if any damage resulted from a spree they were well able to pay for it.

Sam, nosing around the lockers to see what they contained, discovered a small store of provisions in one of them, consisting of half a dozen eggs, some bread, some slices of bacon and a few potatoes, together with half of an apple pie.

"We needn't hurry back in the morning," he said, "particularly as we may not be treated to our regular breakfast when we do arrive. We'll cook this stuff and have our breakfast here. We can pay the captain a quarter apiece for making free with it, and as the doctor will furnish him and his son with breakfast he'll be that much ahead."

The boys turned in and were soon asleep, lulled to repose by the hum of the wind across the lake.

They turned out at seven, cooked the bacon and eggs, made a pot of coffee and enjoyed a famous meal.

Then they unmoored the sloop and started back toward Hurricane Island, their spirits in nowise dampened by the call-down they saw ahead of them.

"We'll take those chaps off Presque Isle now," said Sam, "and carry them to the main shore."

With this idea in view the sloop was kept close in to the islands.

They were drawing near the place where they had seen the fire when around a projecting point of Presque Island came a small tug.

"Here's comes a tug!" said Jack. "I wonder if it's after us?"

The boys recognized the tug as one that they had seen lying tied up to the village wharf the day before.

It was not improbable that the doctor had hired it to go in search of the runaways, for he might have suspected that they intended to make an extended cruise among the islands, or about the lake.

The tug, being close in to Presque Isle, naturally headed toward the sloop.

"Head out into the lake, Sam," said Jack, "then we'll see if the tug is after us or not."

Sam altered the tiller and the sloop's head swung several points away from the tug.

This maneuver had hardly been effected when the tug altered her course and started to cut off the sloop.

"That settles it," said Jack; "they're after us, all right. We might as well give up for we can't run away from her. Head for her, Sam."

Sam did so, and the tug came around again on her former course.

In a few minutes she was close aboard of the sloop.

The captain of the tug was in the little pilot-house, forward, and standing at the door the boys recognized Professor Smith, mathematical instructor.

"Good-morning, professor!" they shouted, taking off their hats and making him a polite bow.

Professor Smith waved his arm toward them, but he looked unusually solemn.

"Have you come after us?" asked Jack.

"We have," replied the professor, as the sloop slipped by the tug.

"Too bad you took all that trouble. We are on our way back. We only went as far as Outer Isle, where we stopped all night in the creek."

Further conversation was interrupted by the tug sweeping around in a half-circle, which brought her on the port side of the sloop.

The boys now noticed the skipper of the craft and his son standing on the deck of the tug forward.

Neither looked pleasant, but they made no demonstration.

Sam was sailing the sloop in first-class style, so there was no danger of anything happening to her.

The captain of the tug stuck his head out of the window.

"Throw your craft up in the wind and stand by to step aboard of the tug," he said.

"What's your orders, Jack?" asked Sam. "I'm not taking any directions from the skipper of the tug."

"Do as he says," said Jack. "The lark is over."

Sam brought the sloop to, and the tug gradually came alongside of her.

"Take that boat-hook and hold on," said the captain's son.

Will picked up the implement and hooked it over the tug's rail.

The captain and his son sprang on board.

"Now, young gentlemen," said the skipper, "kindly step aboard of the tug."

The boys, led by Jack, did so.

The sloop rounded off and made for the village.

Professor Smith came down the iron ladder and confronted the runaways.

"Well, what have you to say for yourselves?" he said, soberly.

"Oh, we've had a bang-up spree, and are ready to get into harness again," said Jack.

He gave the professor an outline of the trip and then suddenly recollected the marooned party on Presque Isle.

They had left that island by this time and were headed for Hurricane Island, which loomed up close ahead.

The professor said that he would mention the matter to the captain of the tug after they had been put ashore at the school.

Jack, who was a particular favorite with Professor Smith, ventured to ask him if Dr. Pontifax was very much put out over their absence.

"I'm afraid he is," replied the professor, solemnly.

He knew what the three lads were up against, and felt sorry for them, but he could not give them any hint of what was coming.

In a few minutes Professor Smith and the boys were landed and the instructor told the captain about the party that was presumably still marooned on Presque Isle.

The skipper of the tug said he would go to the place and take the party off.

The runaways expected to be marched before the doctor to get their medicine, but instead of that they were told to go to their rooms till dinner-time, which was close at hand.

The three gathered in Jack's room and canvassed the situation.

"We'll be hauled up after dinner," said Sam. "Well, I don't care. A good square meal will put me in trim for anything I have to stand for."

The other two agreed that they wouldn't mind the raking they expected half as much with their stomachs full as with them empty.

At that moment the dinner-bell rang and the guilty three hastened to join their schoolmates in the line that filed into the refectory.

They were received with a broad grin, which they returned in like, and then they walked to their places at the table they sat at and dinner went through as usual.

On their way out Jack and his friends expected to be stopped and ordered to report in the doctor's study.

No such thing happened, and so they joined their schoolmates in the grounds and put in the noon recess describing the particulars of the spree they had engaged in.

At one o'clock the bell called the students into line again, and all marched to the main study hall.

It was the custom to spend an hour in study before the boys were sent to their various classes.

One of the professors occupied the rostrum and kept order and silence.

On this occasion the boys had no sooner seated themselves at their desks than Dr. Pontifax appeared and mounted the rostrum.

Of course, that meant something unusual, and everybody associated it with Jack, Sam and Will.

And they were not wrong.

The doctor looked around the school and then called the three runaways up on the platform.

He addressed them as if only they were present.

He detailed all the escapades since they came to the academy.

He rehearsed their history at the other schools from which their fathers had been forced to remove them.

He denounced their ridiculous hobby of Equality and the Rights of Man, and showed how they themselves, while advocating their alleged philosophy, were constantly making a farce of the sentiment by their actions.

"I have endeavored by all means in my power to show you the folly of your hobby, but my words have been wasted on you," said Dr. Pontifax. "The only way to cure you is to compel you to take a practical lesson in life, which all the philosophy in the world cannot alter one jot. It now becomes my painful duty to tell you that each of you is here-with publicly expelled from this school. Practically, I am driving you from the academy, for you must leave within two hours. At half-past three you will be landed on the main shore with whatever personal belongings you elect to take away with you. What you leave behind will be forwarded to your homes by express."

The three boys had not expected to be expelled, at least in so public a manner, and they received their sentence in a crest-fallen way. The doctor took from his pocket three checks, three five-dollar bills and three notes addressed to each.

He handed the three articles to each of the boys and told them, in curt tones, to go at once to their rooms and pack up.

He followed them out of the room, but said nothing more to them.

In the study hall not a sound indicated the feelings of the rest of the boys.

They sat dazed at the Nemesis that had so suddenly and without warning overtaken the three most popular lads of the academy.

What would the baseball team do the coming season without Jack in the box, Sam with his wonderful wing behind the bat, and Will at short, every one thought.

What would next fall's football team do without the aggressive three?"

They had been driven from school, and their going would be a calamity to the sporting interests of Hurricane Island Academy.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE EXPELLED LADS GET A SHOCK.

Instead of each going to his room, Jack, Sam and Will walked into the former's room to recover from the shock they had received.

"Well, we seem to have got it in the neck good and proper," said Jack, with a sickly smile.

"That's what we have," nodded Will, dolorously.

"We've been driven from school at last," said Sam; "and how old Pontifax did lay it into us, especially with reference to Equality and the Rights of Man."

"He said the only way to teach us the error of our philosophy was to compel us to take a practical lesson in the way of the world," said Jack.

"Who's going to compel us to do that?" said Will.

"The doctor would if he could," said Sam.

"I wonder what our dads will say?" began Jack.

"Say, it's funny each of our paters sent up a check for the same amount," said Will, "and why did they send the checks to the doctor? They never did that before."

"And say, how is it that we have each got a note from our governors which were evidently sent inclosed in letters to the doctor?" said Sam, beginning to suspect that something was in the wind.

"I give it up," replied Jack. "The doctor handed us \$10 each to pay our way to our homes and to save us from cashing the checks, but I'm going to ask him to cash mine, just the same. I want more than \$10, and what change I have, in my clothes."

"Same here!" said the other two.

"Well, let's read the notes and then go and pack up, for we've got to be ready to dust out at half-past three. We'll take our trunks, of course, and let the doctor crate the other stuff and express it," said Jack.

The boys broke the seals of their notes together and started to read the communications from their fathers.

What they read, as they proceeded, carried consternation to their souls.

The notes were practically alike, showing that their fathers must have held a consultation together concerning them and had resolved to take the bull by the horns in a very decisive way.

Taking Jack's note as a sample of the three, his father said that Dr. Ponifax had communicated with him and insisted on his son's removal from the academy.

"This is the sixth time that I have received such a note from the head of a school in which I had placed you. Five times I have taken you away and provided for you elsewhere, hoping that you would be broken to harness. It seems that you are incorrigible, so I have decided to wash my hands of you. I have written the doctor that I shall not remove you, and have directed him to expel you in a public manner—drive you from the school, in fact, and throw you on your own resources, with my check for \$100 and \$10 in money. The doctor is instructed not to cash the check. You will have to get the money on it of somebody else. You will be sent away with whatever personal effects you may choose to take with you, the rest will be sent to me. But remember, you are not to return home. If you do you will not be admitted to the house. For one year and a day you must make your own way in the world as best you can. At the end of that period you can report at my office in Chicago and I will see how you have stood the test. If the trial makes a man of you, well and good. You will have redeemed your follies, especially that absurd theory of Equality and Rights of Man. There is no such thing as equality, as you will find out; and as to the rights of man, I will sum it up in the old adage—every tub sets on its own bottom. For one year you will have the chance to give your philosophy a full test. I fancy you will learn your lesson. That is all, and I will close, wishing you luck, and with the hope that when I see you again I shall meet an entirely different boy than the one I sent to Hurricane Island Academy.

Your father,

"HOWARD ROSS."

"Holy smoke!" exclaimed Sam. "I've got the razoo from home."

"So have I," said Will.

"Same here," said Jack. "Let me read you my letter."

"Why, that reads almost word for word like mine," said Sam.

"And mine," put in Will.

"There seems to be no doubt that our governors, who were chums themselves in their youthful days, and are chums still, for that matter, have held a consultation about us and decided to throw us out upon the cold world for one year and a day."

"Why the extra day?" asked Will.

"Don't ask me. They have made it a leap year, which has 366 days in it."

"With \$10 cash and our effects. I have \$3 left from my last allowance," said Sam.

"I have \$4," said Will.

"I have \$3," said Jack. "Our combined resources in cash, therefore, amount to \$340. We are in no danger of immediate starvation, though we have eaten our last meal at the school."

"A year is a long time to put in on \$340," remarked Will.

"Why, we'll simply have to go to work and earn more," said Jack.

"What shall we work at? It is too late in the season now to shovel snow," grinned Sam.

"Don't be funny, Sam. We're up against a serious proposition."

"Bet your life we are!" from Will.

"Well, what are we going to do?" said Sam.

"The first thing will be to pack up and get out," said Jack.

"Of course, we've got to do that," said Sam.

"As soon as we step our feet on the main shore our year of experience begins," went on Jack. "We will have to depend entirely on ourselves for our food and lodging."

"It will be beaneries and cheap lodging-houses for me, for I know as much about working for a living as a cat," said Will.

"No, it won't be beaneries and cheap lodging-houses for any of us," said Jack. "We want to look this thing squarely in the face. Our governors have put us up against the proposition and I, for one, am going to shew my father that I'm equal to the emergency. When I report in Chicago, 366 days from now, if I do report there at that time, I'm going to give my respected sire a surprise."

"I don't see how," said Will.

"You'll have to get your eyes open. Don't be like a kitten and keep them shut for nine days, but get them open now. If you chaps are agreed, we'll stick together and help each other all we can. We are chums and there is no reason that I can see at present why we should break up. We've been comrades in fun and prosperity; why not in adversity? We believe in Equality and the Rights of Man, don't we?"

"Sure we do," said Will, "but we're getting the short end of it now."

"Isn't that what nine-tenths of the world is getting? It be-hooves us, therefore, to fight for our rights. Didn't the American Colonies have to do it, and didn't they win out? We must get a hustle on and fight for the rights our fathers have suddenly deprived us of. My idea is not to fight for a share of the wealth that is rightfully ours through our family connections, but to begin at the bottom of the ladder and show our daddies that we can make good money as well as they have done and are still doing. My father gets a salary of \$10,000 a year as president of the First National Bank. Is that all he makes? Not by a jugful. He easily makes \$40,000 more through his investments. I say he's not entitled to that \$40,000, because he doesn't earn it. It earns itself. It works while he is asleep. A poor man in a Chicago lodging-house has no investments to work for him when he is asleep, or awake, either. That's where the inequality of the world comes in. I say——"

"Oh, come off, Jack, this isn't the time to make speeches on Equality and the Rights of Man. We've got to pack up and get out of here in short order," said Sam.

"All right. We've got to get down to hard work and win our way to the head of some company or business where we can earn—earn, understand me—\$10,000 or more a year," said Jack.

"And we'll do that in 366 days, I don't think," said Sam.

"No, but we must get in line for earning it eventually. My father didn't jump into a \$10,000 job all at once. He began at about \$1,000 or less a year and worked his way up. If he wasn't smart he'd never have reached it."

"That's a point the doctor has always had on us. He says all men are not born equally smart, and that it is the smart man, all things being equal, who gets ahead in the world. He says you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear to save your life," said Sam.

"I know it," admitted Jack, "but still things can be equalized under a proper condition of the world. It's a man's misfortune, not his fault, that he isn't born smart, consequently he isn't responsible for his inability to get ahead as fast as one born smarter than himself. That being admitted, he should be provided for in proportion to the degree of smartness he lacks. Then he'll be the equal of the smartest man alive. Do you get me?"

"Sure!" said Sam. "Here are we three. It is my opinion you are the smartest of us. You will get ahead quicker than we will. At the end of a month or two results will show whether Will or I am the next smartest. At any rate, one of us is bound to fall to the rear. Now, acting on your argument, I move that we club all our funds, and the chap who is the slowest in getting on shall be entitled to draw the largest share of it. That's fair, isn't it? It will equalize us three. If we are going to stand by our philosophy we must start with ourselves."

"Right you are, Sam. We'll do that. I'll be the treasurer. Hand over your checks, after indorsing them, and we'll consider the fund started at \$300," said Jack.

Clearly, Jack was fully as smart as the others, if not more so.

Sam and Will agreed to the proposition, indorsed their checks and passed them over to Jack, who put them with his own in his vest-pocket.

"Now, then," said Jack, "I think we'd better pack our trunks and our suit-cases so that we'll be ready to leave on time. We've only got an hour left to clean up, so you fellows had better get to your rooms right away and get busy."

Sam and Will agreed that they had no time to lose, so they left the room to attend to their packing up.

## CHAPTER V.

### TRICKED.

Half-past three came and a servant knocked at the doors of the three expelled boys.

They were almost ready to go, and in answer to the man's inquiry as to what baggage they intended to take with them, they pointed at their trunks and suit-cases.

"They will be carried down to the wharf at once," said the servant. "On your way out you will call at the doctor's study."

The man went away to bring two other servants to help him move the baggage to the wharf.

Ten minutes later, Jack, with his two friends at his back, knocked at the door of Dr. Pontifax's study.

"Come in!" said the doctor.

The three lads filed in and lined up before him.

The principal of Hurricane Island Academy looked them over.

To say the truth, he was parting with them with some regret, in spite of the unenviable record they had made in his eyes, for he knew they had been smart at their studies and were popular favorites with the students and teachers alike.

He also felt sorry for the test they were up against—a hard one for boys who had been raised in the lap of luxury.

"Well, young gentlemen," he said, "what are you going to do with yourselves when you get to the main shore? Your fathers have each informed me that they have thrown you on your own resources to teach you that life is not all sunshine, and that there is no such thing as equality in this world, as I have repeatedly told you. You have a year to get rid of such nonsense and show what you are made of."

"We haven't decided what we shall do as yet. We shall keep together, however, if possible," replied Jack.

"I regret that your conduct, which has shown no signs of improvement, has compelled me to drive you from this school. I have handled you without gloves, to use the expression, because I hope it will bring you to your senses. Aside from your piccadilloes I am sorry to part with you. We might have been the best of friends had you met me even half-way, for then I should have had hopes of an ultimate cure. I will now say good-by, and wish you each well in the struggle that is before you."

He shook each of the boys by the hand, and then they filed out of the study and walked down to the wharf, where their baggage had already preceded them.

When they arrived the trunks were being put on board of the large naphtha launch belonging to the academy.

"All ready, young gentlemen," said the engineer of the boat.

The boys nodded, and then with one accord they turned their faces toward the academy main building, where their late fellow students were reciting in their various class-rooms,

raised their hats in a parting salute and stepped on board the launch.

In a few minutes they and their baggage were landed on the village wharf.

A wagon was waiting to carry it to the station.

"Who told you we wanted to go to the station?" Jack asked the driver.

"One of the academy servants came for me and said that three students had been unexpectedly called home and that I should meet them here at a quarter of four to carry their baggage to the station in readiness for the five o'clock train," replied the driver.

"We are not going to take the five o'clock train," said Jack. "Take our baggage to the Redcliff Hotel and collect from the clerk."

The man nodded, loaded the trunks and suit-cases on the wagon, and told the boys to get in.

"Go on. We'll follow by and by," said Jack.

The man got on the seat and drove off toward the village.

"Now, fellows, if it's all the same to you, we'll hire a boat and take our last sail in this vicinity," said Jack. "It's a fine afternoon, we are our own bosses, and there is no reason why we shouldn't do as we please. To-morrow we'll turn our backs on the snap we have enjoyed as rich men's sons, and get down to business."

Jack's proposal suited Sam and Will first-rate, and so they hired a roomy sailboat for a couple of hours and started off on the lake.

They skirted the Academy grounds, where the students were taking a fifteen minutes relaxation before returning to the final classes of the day.

Jack ran the boat close enough in to attract attention with the academy yell given by the united lungs of the three boys.

A rush took place for the shore, and the three black sheep doffed their caps to the students.

A great yell went up when they were recognized.

Then a cheer that continued for some minutes.

The ringing of the bell put an end to the ovation, and the last the three boys saw of their late associates was a long line filing into the main building.

They continued on toward Presque Isle, intending to round that island and return to the wharf.

They were opposite the spot where they had seen the fire the night previous, when they were hailed from the shore.

Four men stepped out of the bushes, and one of them requested to be taken off the island.

"These must be the men we saw here last night," said Jack. "It's funny they were not taken off by the tugboat. I know the captain started for the island to rescue them."

"They might have gone across to the other side of the island and so missed the tug," said Sam.

"That is quite possible," admitted Jack. "I suppose it's up to us to take them aboard and carry them to the main shore. They won't object, I guess, to our plan of rounding the island according to our program."

"I don't see what they have to say about it," said Will. "We are doing them a favor to take them off. There is no reason why we should incommode ourselves."

Jack headed the boat to the shore and the four men stood at the water's edge waiting for her.

He ran her alongside a flat rock where the water was deep and Sam hooked on with the boat-hook.

"Step aboard," said Will, who stood on the roof of the trunk cabin ready to hoist the mainsail again.

The four men mounted the rock and piled on board in a bunch.

Then something happened that took the boys by surprise.

Two of them jumped down into the cockpit and laid hold of Jack.

The other two grabbed Sam and Will and tripped them up.

Almost before the three boys realized that they were the victims of an unprovoked attack they were prisoners with their hands bound behind them.

"What in thunder does this mean?" demanded Jack, angrily.

"Shut up, young man, or I'll pound your head against the rail!"

The boat had floated away from the rock several yards, but the men maneuvered her back in a way that showed they knew how to handle a craft of her build, and one of them, taking the forward mooring line in his hand, jumped ashore with the boat-hook.

He struck the implement in the sand and tied the line to it.

The others dragged the boys roughly into the cabin and left them in a bunch in the forepart of the place.

Then two of them went on shore.

In about five minutes the three men returned, bearing good-sized bundles that appeared to be fairly heavy.

These bundles were taken into the cabin and placed on the lockers.

One man went back on shore and came back with two baskets, which were also taken into the cabin.

The boat was then unmoored, the mainsail hoisted, and the craft was steered straight out into the lake in an easterly direction.

With one of the men at the helm, and the other three close to him, the party lighted cigars and began conversing in a very cheerful way.

"It seems to me that we're up against it hard," said Sam, in a growling tone.

"We certainly are," admitted Jack. "These men have made prisoners of us and taken possession of the boat. What their purpose is does not seem quite clear to me, but I don't believe they intend to go to the village wharf. The chances are they mean to land somewhere up the lake. I can see that we are leaving Presque Isle dead astern, and that indicates that the boat is headed eastward out into the lake."

"They must be a set of rascals," said Will.

"They are certainly not gentlemen," replied Jack.

"What right have they to treat us this way?" snorted Sam.

"No right, but might is right in this case."

"It makes me mad to think how easily we were captured."

"No use of feeling mad over it. We were not looking for anything of the kind. Being off our guard we became easy victims."

"And now we're tied and can't do a thing against them. I wonder if they mean to put us ashore somewhere and run away with the boat?"

"I couldn't say, but it's quite possible such may be their intentions."

"The boatman will hold us responsible for his craft when we get back, and we may have to give up our three checks," said Will.

"Don't worry. I've got the checks, and I'm not going to publish the fact around. The boatman will have to put the police on the track of his property," said Jack.

"Suppose these fellows are crooks and they go through us? They'll take the checks away from you and our cash away from each of us. Then we'll be flat broke," said Sam.

"That would be fierce," said Will.

"Don't cross a bridge before you come to it," said Jack.

"But if they'll steal a boat they're capable of stealing anything," persisted Sam. "It's my opinion they're thieves. See those bags they brought in here and put on the lockers? They look like bags of plunder to me. They've robbed some place at this end of the lake. Then they stole that sailboat we saw under water last night and were escaping in her when they ran on a rock and put her out of business. That accounts for them being on the island. I believe they saw the tug this morning and kept shady, because they didn't want to be landed in this vicinity."

"When they hailed us last night I suppose they intended to pull off the same trick on us they have just worked so successfully," said Will.

"Nothing surer," nodded Sam.

"All you have summed up against these men is pure speculation, Sam," said Jack. "They may not be as bad as you are making out."

"Then how do you account for them handling us without gloves and taking the control of the boat away from us?"

"I take it that they wanted to get hold of the boat to carry them to whatever place they are aiming for. Probably it's some distance from the island, and they figured that it would be out of the question to get us to voluntarily take them there," replied Jack.

The boys argued the matter for awhile and then gave it up.

The men continued to smoke and talk outside, and paid not the slightest attention to their prisoners.

So the balance of the afternoon passed away and darkness began to fall over the face of the lake.

## CHAPTER VI.

### DRUGGED.

Finally one of the men came into the cabin, struck a match and looked around.

He was looking for a lamp to light up and he found one attached to the bulkhead above the heads of the prisoners.

He lighted it and then surveyed the boys with a self-satisfied grin.

"How are you feeling, young fellows?" he asked.

"How do you suppose we are feeling?" said Jack.  
"Like boys who are out on an all-night spree."  
"Is that so? Jollying us, aren't you?" said Jack, sarcastically.  
"You belong to the academy on Hurricane Island, don't you?"  
"We did belong to it, but we don't now."  
"You say that because we're carrying you off in this boat, eh?"

"No. I say it because it's a fact."  
"I don't catch your meaning, then."  
"That doesn't worry us any. We'd like to know, though, why you have treated us in this outrageous way?"  
"We wanted the use of the boat and so we enticed you to the shore and took possession of it."  
"Now that you have the use of it, where are you going?"  
"That's our business, young fellow."  
"I suppose you intend to carry us with you?"  
"We've got to, though we had rather not."  
"Why have you got to?"  
"That's our business, too."  
"I suppose you won't give us any idea how long you intend to hold us nor how far you expect to carry us?"  
"No."

"You're going to keep us tied up this way all the time?"  
"We can't afford to let three stout chaps like you be at liberty. You'd put up a fight to try and get back the boat."  
Jack made no reply, for it was exactly what he and his companions would do if they recovered the use of their arms.

The man picked up one of the baskets and taking off the cover transferred its contents, consisting of a number of sandwiches and a bottle of liquor, to the table.

He called two of his companions in to help themselves, and handed out a couple of the sandwiches to the helmsman.

Three sandwiches were put aside, and these were afterward given to the boys in turn, their arms being temporarily freed while they ate them.

The men gathered outside again in the starlight and the boys were left alone again.

The lads made an effort to free their hands, but did not succeed.

They talked till they exhausted the subject that most interested them and then they became silent.

Eleven o'clock came and two of the men came into the cabin, dumped the bags off the two lockers, lay down in their place and were presently asleep.

The boys also fell asleep in spite of their uncomfortable position, and the boat continued to sail straight ahead.

When morning came she was close inshore, off the jutting point of Keweenaw County, Michigan.

A landing was made near a village and supplies were purchased by one of the men, who went ashore for that purpose.

Breakfast of meat sandwiches, cheese and milk was served all around, the prisoners getting a fair share, while the boat kept on.

In the course of an hour or so she rounded Manitou Island and sailed straight for Marquette.

They arrived late in the afternoon about dark and made fast to a wharf.

One man stepped ashore and went off.

In the course of an hour he returned with a cab.

The boys were put into the vehicle and carried about half a mile to a rough-looking building on a side street, near the water front.

A man, who appeared to be the proprietor of the place, came out with two hard-looking companions, took the boys out of the vehicle and marched them into the house by a side entrance which adjoined a saloon that occupied the front of the ground floor of the building.

Their arms were unbound and they were taken into a common dining-room at the back of the saloon and told to sit down at the table.

"But look here, we don't want to stay in this place," protested Jack.

"I've been paid to furnish you with supper and a bed for the night," said the coarse, red-faced proprietor. "The supper is ready for you now. If you don't want to stay here tonight you can go after supper as fast as you wish."

As the boys were half-famished they readily agreed to stay to supper, though their surroundings were far from inviting.

"What town is this?" asked Jack.

"Marquette," replied the man.

"We're in Michigan, then?"

"I reckon you are," grinned the man.

The supper, which consisted of a liberal portion of ham and eggs, with bread and coffee, was pretty rocky alongside

what the boys were accustomed to, but they were too hungry to quarrel with any kind of victuals, and they cleaned up the plates.

"Where shall we go—some hotel, I suppose?" said Sam, with a yawn. "We'd better make a start, for I'm dead sleepy."

"I'm glad those chaps didn't shake us in some lone spot along the shore, as they might have done," said Will, with a sleepy look.

"We must make a tour of the wharves in the morning to see if the men have abandoned the boat," said Jack. "If we find her we will telegraph the owner to come after her."

"Then you don't mean to sail her back to the village wharf?" said Sam.

"What's the use?"

"But we've got to go back for our baggage."

"We can telegraph to the hotel and ask the proprietor to express it on to us."

"Yes, that's so," gaped Sam. "Say, I'll be asleep in a minute if we don't get out of here pretty quick. Look at Will, I believe he's asleep already. That's the effect of a poor night's rest last night."

At that moment the landlord of the place—it was a sailor's boarding-house—stuck his head in at the door.

A sinister grin wreathed his features when he saw Jack and Sam trying to arouse Will.

He knew well enough that they not only would not succeed, but that they, too, would soon be in Will's condition, for the coffee he had served to the boys was strongly drugged.

Sam was almost as much affected as Will, but Jack, for some reason, had so far resisted the benumbing influence of the drug better than his companions.

"What's the matter with you, Will? Why don't you wake up?" cried Jack.

The landlord came up to them.

"What's the matter with your friend?" he asked. "Fast asleep, eh? And you two look sleepy and tired, too. Better let me show you to your rooms. You're entitled to breakfast in the morning before you leave. You fellows might as well get all that's comin' to you."

Hardly had he finished speaking when Sam collapsed into a chair, dropped his head on his arm and lay quite dead to the world.

Jack stared in a sleepy way at Sam, and then at the landlord.

He noticed the man's peculiar sarcastic grin, and associating that with the enervating sensation that was weighing him down with irresistible force, he jumped at a conviction of the truth.

"Look here," he cried, thickly, grabbing the man by the arm, "you've drugged us."

"Drugged you?" returned the landlord, with a sarcastic laugh. "You're crazy!"

"No, I'm not. I've never felt this way before. My ears are buzzing, and the room appears to be unsteady. You have taken advantage of us, you scoundrel! The police shall hear of this."

Jack turned and staggered like a drunken man toward the saloon door.

Before he could get half way there he was in the iron grasp of the rascally landlord.

"You notify the police, would you?" he hissed. "Not if I know it you won't. So you think you're drugged? Well, maybe you are. What are you goin' to do about it? You're in my power, and you haven't the strength of a cat now. Get back to your friends."

The man gave Jack a whirling push.

The dazed boy reeled around once, lost his balance and fell to the floor in a heap.

The shock finished him.

He made one or two feeble efforts to rise, groping out with his arms like a blind person, then he fell over on his side and lay like a log.

The landlord called two of his satellites and between the three the boys were carried upstairs through the side entrance and thrown, just as they were, on separate beds, in separate compartments, by courtesy called rooms, but which were not much bigger than horse-stalls, and hardly more inviting.

Slamming the doors and turning the keys in the locks, though such a precaution was unnecessary, the landlord and his hirelings left the unfortunate young fellows to themselves.

Truly, Jack, Sam and Will were beginning their contact with real life in a particularly rough way, but they were on the threshold of much more.

Their notions of Equality and the Rights of Man were des-

tined to get a rude shock, and they were fated to go through many strenuous adventures before the end of their year of probation.

## CHAPTER VII.

## SHIPPED.

It was many hours later when the boys recovered their consciousness, Jack being the first to come to his senses.

It didn't take him many minutes to realize that he was aboard a vessel of some size, as compared with the craft he was used to.

He found himself lying in a bare bunk in the forecastle of the vessel.

Starting up he looked around him.

In bunks on either side of him lay his two friends, as yet in the last stage of their stupor.

There were similar bunks on the other side of the dimly lighted compartment, but these were furnished with straw mattresses and blankets, and underneath them lay bags.

The sunshine streamed down a small opening above a short ladder, and through this opening came also the voices of men and the creaking of cordage.

"We're aboard a vessel," ejaculated Jack, in some dismay.

He sprang off the bunk, ran to the ladder and mounted it. His knowledge of vessels told him that they were on board of a small brig.

She was sailing along within a mile of the shore-line, which lay off the starboard side, thereby indicating that her course was to the east.

"How came we on this craft?" Jack asked himself, glancing along the deck on which eight men lounged, several of them leaning idly over the bulwarks, while the others were killing time in various ways.

The captain and the chief mate were pacing the poop together, and a sailor stood at the wheel behind them.

The hour was about noon, and the negro cook was putting the finishing touches to the dinner that would presently be served out.

It was a strange situation for Jack to find himself in, and as he had no idea how he came to be there he decided to go aft and demand an explanation of somebody in authority.

The seamen stared at him quizzically as he passed down the deck, mounted the short side ladder to the poop and confronted the captain and the mate, who stopped and looked at him.

"I'd like to see the captain of this vessel," said Jack.

"I am the captain," replied that personage, curtly. "What do you want?"

"I want to know how I and my two friends, who are forward in the forecastle, come to be aboard of this vessel."

"You're aboard of her because you've been shipped as part of the crew," returned the skipper.

"We've been shipped!" cried Jack, in astonishment. "I guess there's some mistake about that."

"You shipped them regularly, didn't you, Mr. Jones?" said the captain, turning to the mate.

"I did, sir. They were brought on board a little after midnight by Dan Sharkey, the boarding-house keeper, in response to my request for a couple of ordinary seamen. As Sharkey said they were pals I decided to take the three. I paid them their advance money after they put their mark to the ship's articles. They were too drunk to tell their names, so I put them down as Smith, Brown and Robinson—purser's names, that are as good for shipping purposes as their real ones," said the mate.

"Do you mean to say that we signed our names as Smith, Brown and Robinson?" cried the astonished Jack, who had not the least recollection of anything from the moment he fell on the floor of the dining-room in the sailor's boarding-house at Marquette.

"Oh, no; you were too drunk to do that. You just put your mark down," said the mate, with a covert grin.

"We were drunk!" exclaimed Jack. "You are clean off to say that. We have never been under the influence of liquor in our lives—in fact, we've never touched liquor at any time, not even when we went around calling on our friends at New Year's."

"If you weren't drunk I never saw three persons that looked more like it."

"We were drugged, that's what was the matter with us."

"Drugged, eh? Well, I'm sorry for you. However, you and your pals are shipped all right, so go for'ard and stay below till we rig you out in proper clothes for the voyage, for you brought no dunnage aboard with you."

"Say, we're not sailors. You've been imposed upon by that rascally boarding-house keeper. We're just from a boarding-school on Hurricane Island," said Jack. "We want you to put us ashore right away."

"Put you ashore, after shipping you and paying you your advance money! Not if we know it," replied the mate.

"I have received no advance money to my knowledge."

"Don't contradict me, you young sculpin. I put it in your fingers after you made your mark."

"What did I do with it?"

"How do I know what you did with it?" roared the mate. "You put it in your pocket, I suppose."

Jack felt in his vest-pockets for it.

But he didn't find it.

Worse still, the three checks he had placed there were missing.

So also was the \$3 in bills, and the odd change he had in his trousers pocket.

In a word, he had been cleaned out completely.

"I've been robbed!" he ejaculated, in dismay. "I had three \$100 checks in my pocket and \$3 in money. It's all gone. That scoundrel of a boarding-house keeper went through my clothes while I was unconscious."

"You have my sympathy if you've been robbed, but that is nothing to us. You belong to this brig, and you'll stay aboard of her till the voyage is ended."

"You have no right to keep us aboard against our will."

"Right, you young lubber. How dare you argue the matter with me? Another word out of that trap of yours and I'll knock you as flat as a pancake," and the mate raised his hairy fist, threateningly.

"What do you think you are—the Czar of Russia?" cried Jack, indignantly.

Biff!

The mate's fist knocked him sprawling on the poop.

"You're a great big coward!" exclaimed Jack, as he got up. "I'm only a boy alongside of you. I demand to be sent ashore with my friends," he added to the captain. "We're not sailors, and wouldn't be any use to you, anyway."

"Send him for'ard, Mr. Jones," said the skipper.

The husky mate grabbed Jack by the collar, faced him about and pushed him toward the ladder.

"Get for'ard now or I'll freshen your way with a kick that'll land you on the deck below. Git!"

Jack saw the man raise his foot and concluded that it would be the part of prudence to obey, for if he was violently propelled upon the deck he stood a fair chance of breaking his neck or, at any rate, a leg or an arm.

He retreated, boiling over with indignation, and fully resolved to bring the mate to justice at the first place the vessel stopped at.

The sailors on the deck had no sympathy for him, for they saw he was a well-dressed youth who had never been to sea, and consequently he was not one of their kind.

They watched him with broad grins and showered him with sarcastic remarks.

He reached the forecastle just as Sam and Will came tumbling up to discover why they also were on board a vessel.

"Get down," growled Jack. "Get down, I want to talk with you."

He followed them down and faced them, his face afire with wrath, and a red welt across his forehead where the knuckles of the mate had landed.

"What are we doing aboard the vessel?" asked Sam.

"The three of us have been kidnapped," said Jack.

"Kidnapped!" exclaimed his two chums in a breath.

"Yes. That scoundrel of a boarding-house keeper drugged us at our supper last night, then robbed us of every cent we had and put us aboard of this craft."

"The dickens you say!" gasped Sam, as he and Will explored their pockets and found them empty. "Gee! I have been cleaned out of every copper."

"So have I," said Will, looking aghast. "Have you lost the checks, Jack?"

"Yes. What a fool I was to get you to endorse yours! Now that villain will easily be able to cash them legally."

"I never saw such luck as we've been up against since we left the school," said Sam. "Now we are paupers, though the sons of rich men."

"It can't be helped. It isn't the loss of our money that bothers me now, but the fact that we three have been illegally shipped aboard of this brig, which is bound we don't know where. She may pass through the lakes, through the ship canal into the St. Lawrence and thence out to sea for all I know. She doesn't look like an inland water craft to me."

but whether she is or not the ruffian of a mate told me that we were shipped for the voyage. When I protested and demanded to be put ashore with you fellows he knocked me down with his fist. He's a big brute, and I'll have him up before a judge at the first chance."

"You will, you young sculpin!" roared a hoarse voice down the scuttle opening, as a man's form shut out the sunlight. "I'll see that you get no chance to squeal. Wait till I get you out into blue water and I'll haze the life out of you. I'll make you wish you were dead before I get through with you. If you don't jump overboard to escape me I'll be much mistaken."

With an oath, the mate drew the cover over the opening, leaving the boys in the semi-darkness of the forecastle, which was only lighted by a dull-burning slush-lamp.

"Holy smoke!" cried Sam. "Is that chap the skipper?"

"No, he's the mate—the brute who knocked me down."

"So they mean to keep us aboard against our will?"

"They do."

"Why, what good are we to them?"

"No good, but I daresay that scoundrel intends to force us to make ourselves useful."

"Useful! Why, we aren't sailors."

"If they get us on the high seas they'll make sailors of us or throw us overboard. I've read lots of books about greenhorns who were carried to sea and made to lead a dog's life," said Will. "We're in a terribly bad box, and I don't see what we are going to do to help ourselves, for we're prisoners down here."

"We aren't on the high seas yet," said Jack. "Before we get there there'll be something doing if I have anything to say about it."

At that moment eight bells were struck on the brig's bell and soon afterward the crew on deck was called to dinner.

They came tumbling down into the forecastle to get their tin plates, cups and knives and forks, and then-tumbled up again, closing the scuttle after them.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### WRECKED.

Half an hour later the scuttle was opened by a sailor.

"Tumble on deck, youngsters," he said. "Dinner is waitin' for you at the galley. You'd better look lively or you'll miss it. This here vessel ain't no hotel, and them that misses the call to grub goes without it."

The boys were desperately hungry by this time or they would have ignored the summons, for they were terribly indignant over the way they were being treated.

The Rights of Man appeared to have no standing on board the brig.

Brute force bossed the coop, and there was no way of getting away from it.

"Come on, fellows," said Jack, "we've got to eat or we won't be able to make a fight for justice when the time comes."

They hurried up the ladder and were directed to the galley, where the colored cook awaited them.

He loaned them plates, knives and forks and cups, then he supplied them with a beef stew, a hunk of bread, spread with butter, and a cup of coffee.

They ate their meal without a word.

After they had finished they were marched aft and supplied with an outfit from the brig's slop-chest, which they concluded not to refuse.

They were also given a straw mattress apiece for their bunks.

They carried the bags, loaded with their outfit, into the forecastle and threw them on the floor and tossed the mattresses into the bunks.

A sailor presently appeared with a rope's end in his hand and ordered them to change their clothes.

They refused to do it, thereupon he got busy with the rope's end on their persons.

This was more than the boys could stand and they went at the sailor in a way that soon laid him out on the deck, half stunned.

The rumpus brought other sailors on the scene and a rough-house fight took place.

In the end the boys were badly whipped and were compelled to change their clothes for the rough rig given them, and then they were marched on deck and put at work lashing spars and water-butts, and stowing the boats.

The boys were kept at work through the two watches until the crew was called to supper, and they gathered with the others at the galley door and received their rations in turn.

All hands ate on deck, as the weather was fine, and when the meal was over the three unfortunates were allowed to hang over the starboard bulwark together and look gloomily at the shore of northern Michigan, nearly a mile away.

With the falling of dusk the light on Whitefish Point, which the brig was approaching, shone like a bright star on the starboard bow.

The brig was headed for Whitefish Bay, a large body of water which, with its connecting narrow waterways, separated that part of Michigan from Canada and joined Lake Superior to Lake Huron.

These geographical facts were known to the three boys, but they did not think about them at the time.

As soon as four bells in the second dog-watch sounded they were ordered below to their bunks to put in a whole night's rest, the captain, for reasons of his own, postponing attaching them to the watches.

Having learned one lesson—the futility of disobeying orders while on board the brig—they went below, turned in and were soon asleep.

When they were roused out at six next morning the brig was in Lake Huron, sailing south toward the town of Port Huron, where she would enter the St. Clair River, pass through it to Lake St. Clair, and thence into the Detroit River, past the city of Detroit, and so on to Lake Erie.

A light and variable wind kept the brig two days and a night in Lake Huron.

Jack and Sam had been put in the first mate's watch, and Will into the second mate's.

The first mate clearly had it in for Jack, but he held his intentions in check for the present, merely glaring at him in an unpleasant way whenever he came near the boy.

The boys were kept continually employed at one task or another, or in learning the different ropes, and their uses and other points connected with a seaman's business.

The brig passed Detroit in the evening, during the second mate's watch, and Will saw the lights of the city and learned what place it was.

When Jack and Sam came on duty at midnight with the rest of the chief mate's watch, Will told them they had passed Detroit two hours or more before.

When the crew was piped to breakfast the vessel was ploughing the waters of Lake Erie.

The ardent thoughts of making their escape from the brig had begun to melt away as the days passed and the lads saw no opportunity of carrying out their purpose.

"I'm afraid we're slated for the high seas," said Will, after breakfast. "We are now in Lake Erie, and we are not likely to get near the shore again till we strike the St. Lawrence River."

"Well, that's nearly 800 miles long. Maybe we'll find a chance to jump overboard and swim ashore somewhere," said Jack.

"I doubt if we get any chance to do it. It's a mighty wide river."

"If we don't we are fixtures for the voyage to Rio de Janeiro, and from that port I understand we shall probably go to Liverpool. This is an English vessel, and she is not likely to revisit the lakes again. It was an unusual circumstance for her to go to Marquette—a special charter she got in Halifax, so one of the sailors told me. The skipper expected to return to Halifax in ballast, but got hold of a full cargo for Rio de Janeiro. By the time we reach South America we'll be full-fledged sailors," said Jack.

"I suppose we will, but I'd rather not go there," put in Sam.

"If we had anything to say about the matter we wouldn't go there, but, you see, we haven't. I never expected we would be up against such a rough deal. I don't believe our governors figured on our being put in such a strait. I'm sure my mother and sisters would have a fit if they heard I had become a common sailor," said Jack.

"So would mine, too," said Will.

"I can say the same for my people," said Sam. "By the time we reach Liverpool, if we go there, we are likely to be as bronzed and as tough, in a way, as the rest of the crew. In that case we'll certainly astonish our fathers by our appearance when we report to them at the end of the year."

"We may be in Australia, or South Africa, or in India at that time," said Jack.

"Then we'll have to report by letter," said Will. "What a surprise to our worthy dads for them to receive letters from us bearing a foreign post-mark. But that won't be a circumstance to the surprise the contents of the letters will

give them. I'll bet they'll regret throwing us on our own resources."

"An unpleasant surprise of that kind will do them good," grinned Jack. "Maybe they'll be good to us after that."

In due time the brig entered the St. Lawrence River.

All the way to the Gulf of St. Lawrence the boys never gave up hope of making their escape, though the prospect of doing so did not at any time look encouraging.

When the brig was fairly out in the Gulf, headed for the broad Atlantic, the boys threw up the sponge.

By that time they had grown accustomed to their surroundings and their new duties, and as they found it expedient to work with a will, and show no further tokens of insubordination, they received fair treatment from their shipmates, and even from the skipper and the two officers.

The brig finally reached blue water, as it is called, and headed southward.

The boys heard that the vessel was to stop at Kingston, in Jamaica, where a small part of her cargo was to be unloaded, but before they could reach that port they had a mighty broad stretch of the Atlantic to cover.

We will pass over their strenuous experiences until they reached the warm tropical latitudes.

The brig met with two heavy gales en route, and the boys learned what a storm at sea meant from the standpoint of a sailor.

Needless to say, they suffered what seemed to be the limit of human trial to them and none of them expected ever to see land again.

But they came out all right, nevertheless, and plucked up courage again.

These two gales, bad as they were, were hardly a circumstance to the hurricane they ran into when they reached the vicinity of the Antilles.

A West Indian hurricane is something appalling while it lasts.

It is usually short and swift, and it has the power to clear things up pretty well in its path.

This one lasted a full night and part of the next day, and when it began to break up the brig was a total wreck on the rocks off a certain island, and every soul on board of her, with the surprising exception of the three boy sailors, had been sent to their last account.

Jack, Sam and Will, through a merciful dispensation of Providence, were cast senseless upon the sandy beach of the island, where they lay dead to the world till the afternoon sun came out in all its tropical power and warmed them back to life.

## CHAPTER IX.

### ASHORE.

Jack was the first to move, and he sat up suddenly and looked around.

The last thing he remembered was being swept off the wreck of the Aurora brig with his two friends, as they clung, apparently the last on board, to a life-line stretched across the deck.

A giant wave tore them from their frail hold, and they were submerged in a seething waste of water.

He remembered battling for his life, without any idea that an island was near the shattered wreck, then being seized in the grasp of a body of whirling water and turned over and over like a rolling barrel, and then—all became a blank.

The transition from a boiling sea, a howling gale, with an overcast sky above, to a sandy stretch of shore, with the still agitated waves sparkling in the hot sunshine, and the gale calmed down to a stiff breeze, astonished him not a little.

His first impression was that he was the sole survivor of the wreck, and though overjoyed to find that he was still in the land of the living, and in no way injured by his contact with the waves, he could not help uttering a sigh of regret over the supposed fate of his two chums.

This dismal feeling was chased away the moment he got on his feet, and he gave a shout of joy when he saw Sam and Will sitting up a short distance away and trying to regain possession of their scattered senses.

He immediately rushed toward them.

"Hello, my hearties! I see you are safe ashore, too," he said.

They blinked at him in a bewildered way.

"Is that you, Jack?" said Sam, rubbing the salty particles out of his eyes.

"Sure it's me, Sam. Get up and stir yourself."

"Where in thunder are we at?" asked Will.

"On an island, I should judge," replied Jack, "for there is no mainland in this neighborhood. The brig was making for Mariguana Passage in the Bahama group of islands when the hurricane caught her. She was driving toward the southeast the last I knew about her course, so it is probable we've gone ashore on some small island at the end of the group."

"Has any one else come ashore?" asked Sam.

"I don't see any—yes, there's a body—two of them, yonder, but they are quite motionless. Come on and we'll see if there is any life in them."

They went down the shore a bit to where the forms of two seamen lay stretched out.

"Hanson and Moore," said Jack, recognizing them. "Poor chaps! They look like dead ones."

The boys examined the two men and found not a spark of life about them.

Their hearts were still and their eyes and mouths half open.

"They're dead," said Jack, regretfully.

The boys dragged the men up on the shore and straightened their limbs.

"There's what's left of the Aurora yonder," said Will, pointing.

The brig's bows, with a section of her bowsprit and a part of her foremast lay two or three hundred yards from the beach, in the midst of a boiling surf which was breaking all over her.

"She's sailed her last voyage," said Sam, "and will be reported among the missing vessels in the newspapers one of these days."

"If our folks knew we had gone to sea in her there'd be mourning in Chicago," said Jack.

"There don't seem to be anybody else who has escaped but ourselves," said Will. "Really, it's astonishing that only we three should have been saved."

"It's a sign that we're bound to stick together," said Jack.

"But, I say, we may starve to death on this island. That would be worse than if we'd gone down with the brig," said Will, in an anxious tone.

"I don't think we'll starve in a hurry," replied Jack, "for unless my eyes deceive me I see quite a number of cocoanut trees yonder, and they ought to furnish us with meat and drink."

"That's something, of course," said Will, much relieved, "but a steady diet of cocoanuts is apt to grow monotonous. If we have to subsist long on them we'll never be able to look at another cocoanut without a shudder as long as we live."

"I don't know that we've seen many of them, anyway. At any rate they're not generally sold in the States."

"I'm feeling mighty hungry," said Will. "We haven't had a mouthful of anything in over twenty-four hours, so I propose that we get some cocoanuts if they are to be had, and fill up on them."

His suggestion appealed to his companions, and the three started for the nearest cocoanut tree.

There were several of them in a bunch, with tall, straight stems, like flagpoles, and they were not easy to climb, the fruit being at the top, hidden by wide-spreading leaves that nodded in the breeze.

The boys, however, were as nimble as monkeys, and Sam made no bones of making the first attempt to get at the nuts, which they could make out in dark-brown clusters, thirty feet or so above the ground.

He found the job something of a feat, but he accomplished it, and with his sheath-knife cut away three of the nuts.

The boys punctured a hole in one end of the fruit and drained the milk out first.

It tasted mighty good to their famished palates.

Then they smashed the nuts open with a stone and made a meal of the white inside pulp.

"I tell you that tastes mighty good," said Will.

"Bet your life it does," nodded Sam, in a tone of satisfaction.

"We won't starve, you see, fellows," said Jack.

"Maybe we shall find some other kind of fruit on this island," said Will.

"And shell-fish among the rocks at low tide," put in Sam.

"We'll make a tour of the island. It isn't at all certain we may not find somebody else on it besides ourselves," said Jack.

"That's right. We don't know what is on the other side of it," said Sam.

"Come on and we'll see what's there," said Jack, starting off down the shore. "We must come back and bury those poor fellows shortly, for they won't keep above ground long in this hot climate."

The island was not a large one, being about half a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide.

At the end where the boys had come ashore there was a big, conical-shaped rock which rose to a height of perhaps forty feet.

The sides half-way up were formed of craggy projections that offered good foothold as far as they went.

Above that the rock was too smooth to be climbed to the apex.

"That's a large rock, isn't it?" said Will. "It makes a good landmark for vessels in this vicinity. One could easily recognize this island again by it."

"Yes. It's odd what shapes some islands take on. It seems to be the only bit of exposed rock upon the place. Of course, the whole island is a mass of rock covered by sand, rising out of the ocean. If the water were suddenly drained off the earth it would be found that the hundreds of islands in these West Indies, as well as all other islands scattered over the globe, are simply the tops of high mountains," said Jack.

"My! how funny the United States would look way up in the air," said Will. "Instead of looking into the Atlantic from the coast-line of the east you would look down into a great valley, now the bed of the ocean, thousands of feet below."

"And the Gulf of Mexico would form another good-sized valley, while where the Pacific Ocean now is you'd have the same effect as from the Atlantic side," said Sam.

"How about the British Islands, and Europe, and Asia, and Africa, and Australia, and South America? They'd all be in the same boat—all up in the air, and communication would not be so quick and comfortable as it is these days," said Jack.

"Sure, but no such calamity is likely to happen," said Sam.

The boys soon reached the end of the island in the west and following the curve of the beach started back, eastward.

It had the same general appearance as the side they had just left, and there was not a sign of any inhabitant.

The surf did not break so hard on this side, as the hurricane had come from the other direction.

Between the two shores the island was profusely covered with trees and tropical vegetation, among which Jack thought he recognized a grove of bananas, from their long, drooping leaves.

"Those look like banana stalks," he said. "Come, fellows, let's go and see. I could eat half a dozen bananas now with the greatest of pleasure."

His companions eagerly followed him.

The idea of striking a banana grove, where they could pick the fruit right off the stalk, made their mouths water.

It proved to be a banana grove all right, and the boys were soon revelling in the delicious fruit.

Never had it tasted so good in the States, but then they were now eating it under widely different conditions.

They found the fruit ripening by degrees all over the grove, some being already dead ripe and blackening in the sun, and some still quite green.

There were bananas enough in sight, and in prospect, to feed a small regiment, and the three castaways were tickled to death over their discovery.

"This is fine as silk," said Will, with his mouth full.

"Bet your life it is!" mumbled Sam, holding a banana in each fist.

"We struck it lucky in landing here," said Jack. "We might have been thrown upon one of the sandy keys where nothing grows, and without a drop of fresh water."

"Well, is there any water on this island?" asked Will. "That is a very important consideration. We must have something to drink as well as eat."

"Well, the cocoanuts offer a good substitute," said Jack.

"But water is much better than cocoanut milk."

"A fellow can't have everything he wants in this world."

"That's true," said Sam. "We should be thankful for the good luck we have struck."

When they had fully satisfied their appetites they followed the outer edge of the banana grove as far as it went.

Then they pushed their way through the vegetation to a grove of breadfruit trees, which is a species of the banana variety, but not very palatable uncooked.

"What kind of fruit do you call this?" asked Will.

Sam secured a sample from one of the trees and munched it.

"Bah!" he said. "It isn't ripe, whatever it is."

It was ripe, just as a potato is ripe at a certain stage, and it tasted to him something like a raw potato so, naturally, he did not take to it.

The boys did not recognize it as breadfruit, for they had

never seen it before, though it is quite possible they had seen pictures of the tree, and the fruit, and read about the natives of the tropics using it as a substitute for bread.

In fact, when properly prepared in a variety of ways, it is a fine article of food, but to the boys it now meant nothing.

They kept on to the eastern limits of the island, and found there a wide and smooth beach on which the surf was noisily breaking.

Having seen all they cared for of the island for the present they returned to the spot, near the big rock, where they came ashore.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE SKELETON IN THE ROCK.

"How are we going to dig graves for these poor chaps?" asked Sam, looking down at the bodies of Hanson and Moore.

"We'll have to do it as well as we can with pieces of wood," said Jack. "The shore is covered with wreckage and bits of the brig's cargo. We'll go and hunt up suitable pieces."

There was no trouble in finding pieces of wood that would answer the purpose.

They had only to dig in the sand, and Jack said it would save labor to make one grave wide enough to hold both of the corpses.

There were pieces of canvas lying about suitable for wrapping the dead men up in.

"After we get the grave three or four feet deep we'll lay the canvas at the bottom of it and wrap it around them. That will keep the sand away from them, not that it will make any difference to them now whether the sand gets in their faces or not. Still, the better we can serve them the more Christian-like it will be," said Jack.

It took them some time to dig the grave with their rude implements, and by the time they had placed the dead sailors in their last resting-place and covered them up with mounds, such as one sees in graveyards, darkness fell upon the island with tropical suddenness, though they were a matter of twenty-two degrees north of the equator.

"Now, where shall we turn in for the night?" said Will, when the ceremony was over.

"We have a pretty large bedroom," said Jack. "We can lie on the sand at the foot of the big rock, or we can go up to the banana grove. I for one prefer the sand, for there may be centipedes, or some other kind of poisonous insects where the fruit is. You'll find them on the large islands, so why not here?"

"Centipedes!" exclaimed Will. "Oh, gracious, don't mention such things! I'd have a fit if I felt one of them crawling over my face."

"You'd get used to them after awhile," grinned Jack. "The natives don't mind them any more than we of the States do house-flies."

"I've heard that there are scorpions and tarantula spiders in the tropics, too," said Sam.

"That's right," nodded Jack. "Professor Smith lived on the island of Cuba for some months, and he told me that he often trod on a scorpion in the house, or in the path outside. He didn't know it was in his way till he heard the crunch."

"Holy smoke!" cried Sam. "Maybe they're all around us in the sand."

"We can't help it if they are. If you see a strange insect of some size walking over your head, or your leg, let it walk. If it's a scorpion or centipede it will sting you quicker than a flash if you try to knock it off."

"You give me the chills. Their bite is fatal, isn't it?" said Will.

"Not necessarily, but it wouldn't be nice to be stung here where we couldn't get treated for the wound."

"We've escaped drowning and starvation, so it would be fierce to be stung to death," said Will. "None of the tropics for me if I can get away from the place."

"Don't get frightened before you are hurt, old man."

They decided to spread a piece of canvas at the base of the rock and roost there.

They lay down and talked for awhile of the prospects of being rescued from the island, and then lulled by the steady cadence of the surf they went to sleep.

They slumbered like tops, for they were worn out by their exertions of the last two days, and they did not wake up till morning was well on.

The tide was low and the sea down, with very little surf on.

They could see the reef of ugly looking black rocks on which the brig had planted her keel.

About half of the wreck was now out of the water, and a

flock of sea-birds were wheeling around the remains of the foremast.

She listed toward the island and they could see the exposed part of her deck.

It had been swept clear of everything but the galley, and a mass of tangled ropes and spars bobbed about her port side.

"I wonder if we could get out to her?" said Sam.

"We could swim that far, I guess," said Jack.

"But there might be sharks nosing around her," suggested Will. "We'd make a nice meal for them."

"I wouldn't guarantee that there are no sharks around," said Jack. "Now that the ocean is comparatively calm they will come to the surface to see what they can pick up."

"Hello! there's a boat that's come ashore," said Will, pointing. "If it isn't in bad shape we could paddle or row out to the wreck in her."

They walked down and looked at the boat.

It was half full of water, but appeared to be sound.

Two pairs of oars were lashed under the seats, and in the receptacle under the bows they found a tub of fresh water, and two bags of water-soaked sea biscuit.

They started the bung of the water-tub and had a drink apiece, and then put it away in the shade of the shrubbery.

The biscuits were spoiled and were thrown aside.

After securing the painter of the boat to a stake Jack drove in the sand, they went off to the banana grove to get a fruit breakfast.

They would have preferred a porterhouse steak, with fried potatoes and coffee, but such a feast was not obtainable.

They thought, with regret, of the fine breakfasts they used to enjoy at Hurricane Island Academy, and even of the rough rations they had eaten aboard the brig, not to speak of the breakfasts served in their luxurious homes.

While strolling around after their breakfast, which they topped off with a cocoanut, they discovered a pool of sparkling fresh water, which bubbled up out of the bowels of the island.

"This is a great find!" said Sam. "I'm going to have the first drink."

He got it and the others followed him.

Then they walked back to the big rock, dumped the water out of the boat, floated it and rowed out to the wreck.

They watched for sharks, but did not see any.

Going aboard the derelict they went into the forecastle and brought out their bags of clothes and then their mattresses.

They put the bags in the boat and the mattresses across it in a pile and Sam rowed back to the shore with the load.

When he returned he found his friends in the galley.

"We'll carry these pots and pans ashore," said Jack. "They will prove useful. Here is a large cannister of coffee, which will last us some time. We've found several boxes of matches, a big piece of bacon, some crackers and some canned stuff. Put the lot in the boat, Will. Carry this cutting-knife, Sam, and one of the pots."

Before they got through they cleaned the galley pretty well out.

"It's too bad that the stern is under water, for all the brig's stores are in the steward's pantry, or in the lazaretto under the cabin floor where they can't be got at. Even with the stuff in the pantry we could live like kings for some moons," said Jack.

"Can't we dive for some of it—the canned goods, for instance?" said Sam.

"It would be too much of a risk. One couldn't stay long enough under water to get at the stuff. We'll have to give it up."

"It seems a shame to leave it here," said Sam.

"I know it, but I don't see how it can be helped."

They rowed ashore and stowed all their things in a shady spot, sheltered by an overhanging rock.

As the tide was still out, Jack and Sam went out to the rocks in the boat and hunted for shell-fish.

They found plenty of them and brought a kettleful back.

About eleven o'clock the boys made a fire on the shore with driftwood, and hanging the kettle in gypsy fashion on three sticks, cooked the shell-fish.

Having brought pepper and salt from the brig's galley they made a satisfactory dinner with some crackers and bananas.

While they were lounging around after the meal, Jack noticed what seemed to be a hole in the side of the big rock some ways up.

He called the attention of his chums to it.

"I'm going to climb up there to see how far it goes in," he said.

"We'll follow you," said Sam.

It was not a difficult job to get up to the hole, as the pro-

jecting rocks were like so many stepping-stones, though not as regular as steps, nor so smooth.

Jack climbed up, with his companions behind him, to investigate the opening.

When he reached it he found that it appeared to be more than a natural hole, for it bore traces of having been cut out by sharp implements.

His curiosity was aroused and he stepped closer to get a better view of the interior, if he could.

Right under the hole there was a smooth block that did not seem to be a part of the big rock, but placed there as a seat.

In order to stick his head in at the opening he placed his knees on this block and rested all his weight on it.

Then something happened.

Two skeleton arms shot out of the hole and half clutched Jack by the throat, while a grinning skull stared the boy in the face.

He uttered a wild yell of terror and started back.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

Sam, who was close behind Jack, saw the skeleton and gave an answering cry.

Will was not high enough up to see it distinctly enough to recognize what it was.

When Jack started back his weight came off the block and the skeleton disappeared as quickly and as mysteriously as it had appeared.

He stared at the hole in dumfounded bewilderment.

"Holy smoke!" exclaimed Sam. "That was a skeleton!" Jack was too staggered to answer him.

It took some moments for him to regain his self-possession. "That's the worst shock I ever got," he said.

Sam got up beside him and looked fearfully in at the hole.

"I don't see anything in there," he said.

"Neither did I till I got up close and started to poke my head in, then the blamed thing came at me right out of the darkness. Ugh! I can feel its bony fingers at my throat now."

He took off his hat and fanned himself as Will joined them. "What happened?" asked Will.

"A whole lot happened," returned Jack.

"Did something come out of that hole?"

"I should say that something did."

"What was it?"

"Didn't you see it at all?"

"I saw something white and thin, but I couldn't make out what it was."

"Go and look in the hole and maybe you'll see it."

"Why won't you tell me what it was?"

"I'd rather you'd see it for yourself."

"Did you see it, Sam?" asked Will.

"Sure, I saw it," said Sam, with a sickly grin.

"Well, what was it?"

"Take a look in at the hole and maybe it'll come out again."

"Oh, I say, what are you fellows giving me?" said Will.

"Why don't you look in the hole?"

"Yes, why don't you?" said Jack, sitting down on the smooth block.

As he did so Will made a step forward and looked at the opening.

No sooner did Jack's weight come on the stone again than out shot the skeleton arms with the grinning skull behind them, right in Will's face.

"Wow!" yelled Will, jumping back.

He would have fallen headlong down the rocks if Sam hadn't grabbed him.

Jack looked up and seeing the skeleton arms extended above his head he slid sideways off the block and the skeleton vanished once more.

"For the love of Pete!" gurgled Will, fairly paralyzed by the shock. "There's a live skeleton in that rock."

"A live skeleton! You're off your base," said Sam. "Who ever heard of such a thing?"

"If it wasn't alive how could it stick its arms out?"

"There's somebody inside the rock, and he's working the scheme to frighten us away. That's the only way I can account for it," said Sam. "What do you think, Jack?"

"I don't know what to think. It's most mysterious."

"A skeleton can't move of its own accord."

"I never heard of one doing so," admitted Jack. "That's why the thing gets me."

They stood and looked at the hole, expecting the skeleton to appear at any moment, but it didn't.

They talked the matter over, and tried to find some explanation to account for the coming and going of the skeleton.

Sam's suggestion that somebody was inside the rock working it didn't appear reasonable to Jack.

The smooth slab made such an inviting seat that Will took possession of it.

His weight caused the skeleton to shoot out again.

Jack and Sam now got a fair view of it, and with one accord each grabbed one of the bony wrists and held on to it, when Will sprang up and the thing started to glide back, but was prevented by the grip the two boys had on it.

"Hold on, Jack!" cried Sam. "We've got the blamed thing now and we'll see what it amounts to."

"It's trying to get away," said Jack. "Jump on that block and look in, Will, while we have hold of it."

Will did so, and then Sam and Jack felt the resistance of the skeleton cease.

After trying in vain to peer into the darkness behind the bony fingers, Will jumped down.

The moment his weight left the stone the two boys felt the skeleton pull back again with a steady strain on their arms, as if some kind of mechanism was at work.

Then it was that Jack got on to the mystery.

"Jump on to that stone again, Will," he said.

Will did so, and the skeleton stood at rest again.

Sam noticed the change now.

"Why, that stone there operates the skeleton," he said.

"That seems to be the fact. I got on to it a moment ago. Let go of the thing and I'll bet it won't move," said Jack.

They both released their grasp on the skeleton's wrists and the grawsome object didn't move an inch.

"Jump down, Will," ordered Jack.

They stepped down and the skeleton darted back into the darkness of the hole and vanished from their sight.

"Well, if that doesn't beat the Dutch!" said Sam. "What object was this thing made for? A practical joke?"

"An uninhabited island like this one does not strike me as a fertile field for such a practical joke, if joke it is," said Jack. "Probably the place is not visited half a dozen times in a year, if as often. Then any one landing here would hardly waste the time climbing up to look in that hole. And even if they did the skeleton would not show itself unless he put his weight on that stone."

"Then it must have been constructed for some definite object," said Will.

"I don't see what real object any one could have in going to the trouble of making such a thing. Whoever got it up exercised a good deal of ingenuity in putting the thing in shape to work so smoothly. It must work on wheels that run on a track, otherwise it could not dart out and back again so regularly. See!"

Jack, by way of illustration, jumped on the stone, and out came the skeleton arms with the skull behind it.

The rest of the skeleton, if there was any more of it, was hidden by the wall of rock.

He sprang down and the thing vanished as before.

"Give me a lift here, Sam. I want to turn this stone over, if I can, and see what kind of mechanism is there," he said.

Sam lent a hand, but they couldn't move it away, or turn it over, though the block was not large enough to be very heavy.

They could feel that it was loose and yet was held by some contrivance not visible to the eye.

"We can't do anything with it," said Jack, after they had exerted all their strength in vain.

It was clear that it was not intended to be disturbed.

Jack looked at the opening reflectively.

Then an idea struck him.

"I'm going in there to see how this scheme is worked," he said.

"Do you think it is safe to do that?" asked Sam.

"I'll risk it."

"But you can't reach the hole without stepping on the slab, and then the skeleton will block the way."

"Sure I can reach it without touching the slab. You bend over the slab, with your hands against the rocky wall, and I'll climb up over you into the aperture."

"Why not get some pieces of wood from the shore, lay them against the bottom of the hole in skid fashion and climb up that way," said Sam.

"What's the use of losing the time when you are strong enough to boost me up?"

"All right. Have it your way," replied Sam.

He bent forward over the slab and braced himself.

With some help from Will, Jack easily reached the opening and crawled into it.

Pulling a match out of his pocket he struck it and flashed the light into the rocky chamber.

The floor, which was fairly smooth, lay about six feet below.

How large the cave was he couldn't tell, but it was bigger than the light of the match would disclose.

He could see the contrivance which had startled them, a couple of yards away.

It consisted of only an outstretched pair of bony arms and a skull, mounted at a height which corresponded with the opening on a narrow framework that ran on a pair of wooden tracks.

Apparently there was nothing else in the place.

"I'll bet that thing wasn't got up for nothing," thought Jack. "There's something behind the scheme, and I'm game to try and find out what it is. I must have the lantern we brought from the wreck, for a steady light is necessary in order to look around and, besides, we have no matches to waste."

Having made up his mind as to what he was going to do, he backed out, dropped on the slab in a crouching position, so as to avoid being hit by the skeleton's arms when they shot out, and joined his chums.

"Well, what did you see?" asked Sam, inquisitively.

"I saw a kind of cave with the skeleton arms and skull mounted on a framework that runs on a wooden track, just as I figured on."

"What else?"

"Nothing else. The light of the match wouldn't fill the cave. The floor is smooth and about six feet below the hole."

"I think I'll go up and take a look," said Sam.

"You'd only waste another match to no purpose. I'm going inside with the lantern to look around. Go down and fetch it up, Will."

Will obeyed orders and presently returned with the lantern.

Jack remounted Sam's back, got in feet first this time, reached for the lantern, worked himself backward through the opening and dropped down out of sight of his two friends.

## CHAPTER XII.

### JACK'S DISCOVERY.

The first thing Jack did was to light the lantern and then, with a good light at his command, he proceeded to examine the working of the mechanical framework.

A line was attached to it, which ran over a ship's pulley attached to the roof of the cave, thence to a second pulley, and was attached to a bag of sand.

A stout wire ran along the floor, presumably through a hole to the slab outside.

This operated a spring that released the bag of sand by the dropping of a hinged shelf attached to the framework, on which it stood.

The weight of the sandbag pulled the framework to the wall.

There it remained as long as the mechanism under the slab outside was pressed down.

When it was released the framework shook back of its own weight and pulled the sandbag up to the shelf, which received it.

"Quite ingenious," thought Jack. "But why was it constructed? By some mechanic wrecked on this island and who put in his time at it, or was it designed to frighten inquisitive people from investigating this cave? If the latter, then there is probably something hidden here—something valuable, of course. Well, I'll make a search of the place and see what I can discover."

He flashed the light about, but the cave was quite bare, except for the skeleton framework.

At one corner the wall appeared to be broken.

Going there, Jack found a sloping passage, leading off somewhere.

He followed it and it took him downward into the base of the big rock.

The passage was taller than himself by many feet, though quite narrow, and he had no difficulty in making his way.

The declivity was gradual and somewhat tortuous, and finally ended in another cave, with a low, shelving roof, the floor of which was composed of the same kind of sand as that on the beach.

As Jack flashed the light about he saw that this part of the rock was under the sea, which ebbed and flowed twice a day as it did on the beach.

At that moment the tide was beginning to come in.

A line of weeds and pebbles showed the mark of the last high tide.

The cave was profusely littered with wreckage from the brig and other craft wrecked at some previous time in that vicinity.

There were barrels full of liquor, probably, for they gave out a dull sound when the boy kicked them.

Jack knew that the brig carried several hundred kegs of whiskey among her cargo, and these seemed to have recently come ashore.

Thinking they might be useful, he rolled them out of reach of the tide.

He did the same with sundry boxes and other articles. Then he made a tour of the marine cave.

In a spot where a particularly high tide, or succession of high tides, had washed the sand away, he saw exposed the top of a peculiar-looking box or chest.

Kneeling down to examine it closer he saw that it was an iron-bound sea-chest.

It looked to be too heavy to have floated into the cavern, and even if it had he did not see how it could have buried itself so deep in the hard sand.

Of course, it was possible that it had come there a great many years since and that the sand had gradually accumulated around it and over the entire cave at the same time and thus covered it up, but it would take years on years of time to accomplish such a thing.

Still, the old sea-chest looked ancient enough, as though it belonged to the early part of the eighteenth century, eighty or a hundred years before Jack came upon it.

He scraped some of the sand away from it with his hands, and the more he saw of it the more curious he became concerning its possible contents.

It looked too solid to have been devoted to clothes.

Indeed, it was so strongly bound with iron braces, covered with formidable-looking knobs, that it suggested its use must have been to hold treasure.

"It never floated into this place," mused Jack. "More likely it was buried here. If so, it must hold something very valuable, like money. Maybe its presence accounts for the skeleton framework above."

Jack grew quite excited when he thought it might contain money.

He dug more sand away from it and exposed the old-fashioned lock.

The keyhole was filled with a bit of oakum to keep the sand out of it.

That satisfied Jack that the chest had been placed there by human hands and not by the action of the sea.

"It is surely a treasure-chest—maybe from some pirate ship that was chased here and the crew took this means of hiding their plunder. I know that pirates infested these seas about seventy-five years ago and were cleaned out by the British and American warships. I must get Sam and Will down here to look at it. The ordinary tides do not come quite up to it, so it is not likely to be covered at high water. I guess I'll get back to the upper cave, get out and let the fellows know what I've discovered."

The tide had already come in quite a bit while Jack was down there.

He had been there the best part of an hour, though he didn't realize that he had been inside the rock more than half of that time.

Sam and Will were getting impatient over his long absence, and wondering if anything had happened to him.

"I've a great mind to go in and look for him," said Sam.

"Why, you couldn't see your way about without a light," said Will. "You might fall into some deep hole."

"Perhaps that is what has happened to him."

"Why should he fall into a hole with a lantern to light his way?"

"But he has been gone a tremendous long time—most an hour, I should think."

"I can't imagine what is keeping him, but I wouldn't be surprised if he has made some kind of a discovery."

"Where could he have made it? We've shouted to him a dozen times and he has made no reply. I don't like the looks of it."

"Hello, fellows!" cried Jack, sticking his head out of the hole.

"Oh, there you are!" exclaimed Sam. "Where have you been so long?"

"You'll never guess," said Jack, looking down at them.

"Of course we can't guess. You'll have to tell us."

"Well, I've been down in a marine cave under the shore."

"You have!" cried his friends, incredulously.

"I have. It is connected with the cave behind me by a long, descending passage. Here, help me out. One of you can stand on the slab. I've disconnected the wire that was connected with the skeleton framework."

Will got on the slab to assist Jack out, while Sam stood ready to catch him as he dropped out, head foremost.

With the help of his chums he landed on his feet.

"Come on, let's go and eat. I'm hungry," said Jack.

Accordingly, they descended the rock to the beach.

On their way to the banana grove to get some of the fruit, Jack detailed his experiences inside of the rock and down at its base in the sea-cavern.

When he described the buried sea-chest, and suggested that it looked as if it held a piratical treasure, Sam and Will grew quite excited.

They were eager to accompany him on his next visit to the marine cavern, and he said he guessed they could come all right.

"We'll wait till the next low tide, or, better still, postpone our visit till low tide to-morrow morning," said Jack.

The boys talked of nothing else the rest of that day but the iron-bound sea-chest and what they imagined it contained.

If it was a pirate's treasure-chest it probably was filled with money, jewels and other valuable plunder, they argued.

In which event, if they could get it away with them, when they were taken off the island, they would return to the States maybe as rich as their fathers.

"It would be simply great if we walked in on our governors, togged out like dudes, with \$100,000 apiece to our credit," grinned Sam. "I'd offer to buy a half interest in my old man's soap establishment."

"And I'd go into the copper syndicate, if they'd take me in," said Will.

"The only thing I could do would be to start a bank and elect myself president," laughed Jack. "The right thing for us to do, if we became wealthy through that chest, would be to let our dads invest our cash for us, and then try and get back to Hurricane Island Academy and try to behave ourselves."

"That's right," nodded Sam. "I think our experiences aboard the brig, in fact since we were captured by those rascals on Presque Isle, has knocked our theory of Equality and the Rights of Man into a cocked hat. I am willing to admit that both my father and Doctor Pontifex told the truth when they said that there is no such thing possible as equality, and that the rights of man is simply a beautiful fiction. We had no rights at all aboard the brig. If we tried to assert them we got a clout alongside the head that knocked us silly, and a hint that we'd find ourselves overboard some night if we didn't look out. Equality is all right in theory, but it doesn't go in practice worth a cent."

It was a safe bet that Jack and Will agreed with him, though they said nothing on the subject.

They ate their supper after darkness had fallen on the island and sea, and soon afterward turned in and went to sleep.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### PIRATES' BURIED GOLD.

The boys awoke bright and early next morning and found the tide nearly out.

They hurried through their breakfast and then mounted the big rock to the hole.

Jack was helped through first, with the lantern, Sam followed, and lastly Will came through, head first, as there was no one to help him go the other way, and his friends caught him and put him on his feet.

Sam and Will examined the skeleton framework with interest, as Jack showed them how it had worked, then the three, with Jack in the lead, entered the passage and made their way down to the marine cavern.

Jack's chums inspected the place with interest, as well as the light of the lantern permitted them to, and then the three gathered around the buried sea-chest.

"It looks old enough to have belonged to a pirate ship," said Sam. "You won't see anything like that nowadays."

"How are we going to get it out of that sand?" asked Will.

"We'll dig the sand away from it," said Jack.

"And after we do that we are likely to find it too heavy to carry. And even if we could carry it we couldn't get it out through that hole above. How in thunder was it ever brought in here, that's what puzzles me."

"I couldn't tell you, and I'm not going to bother thinking about it. It's here, and we will have to open it here, and if

its contents are valuable we'll carry them to the outside in easy loads. We'll probably have lots of time to do it in."

"What are we going to open it with? It looks to me as if it will require a hammer and a cold-chisel to make any impression on that lock, and we don't possess those useful articles."

"If we can't do any better, we can bombard it with rocks. It may take a good while, but in the long run I'm sure it's bound to give way. You know that a single drop of water falling continuously on the same spot on a stone is sure to wear out a hole, so why shouldn't a lock, however strong, yield before a good battering?"

Under Jack's direction they all got busy with pieces of driftwood and soon hollowed out a trench on three sides of the box.

This trench they widened and dug deeper until the chest was fully exposed.

Then Jack got down on his knees and picked the oakum out of the keyhole.

"It's a tough lock to smash, all right," he said. "They made good locks in the olden times. It was necessary for people to have strong ones on their chests and boxes, for there were few banks compared to nowadays, and no safe-deposit vaults in which to store valuables. Every one had to be his own banker in a way, and so the locksmiths spread themselves on their locks."

As he spoke he saw something sticking out of the sandy trench.

Pulling it out, he found it was a big iron key.

"By George!" he exclaimed, "I believe this is the key of the chest."

Jack rubbed all the particles of sand off it, polished it a bit on his trousers and shoved it into the keyhole.

It fitted exactly.

He gave it a turn, but at first it wouldn't move but a little bit.

Working it by degrees, he got it to turn and unlocked the chest.

Sam grabbed one end of the cover and Will the other and yanked it open.

The first thing they saw was a piece of black bunting.

Pulling it out of the way and shaking it out it proved to be a regular pirate flag, with a skull and crossbones embroidered upon it in silk.

"As the original discoverer of the chest, I claim the flag," said Jack, and his chums reluctantly admitted his claim.

A piece of canvas, of several thicknesses, lay underneath the flag, and when this was removed the boys beheld a layer of bags stowed close together.

"Money!" ejaculated Sam, in an excited whisper.

Jack pulled one of the bags out and held it up.

It certainly contained coined money, for the impressions of the circular pieces could be seen outlined against the side of the bag.

Jack pulled his sheath-knife that he wore attached to a strap around his waist and cut the cord about the neck of the bag.

He poured some of the coins into his hand.

Every one was an old-fashioned Spanish gold-piece worth about \$5.

A subsequent count proved that there was approximately \$1,000 in the bag.

That made the first layer of bags foot up \$50,000.

Another layer of similar bags was packed underneath.

Further investigation brought a third one to light.

Finally they ascertained that there were six layers in the chest, making a cash treasure of \$300,000.

The boys were delighted beyond measure at their find.

"The next thing will be to get the money outside," said Will.

"We'll begin by carrying it to the upper cave," said Jack.

This job, which took about thirty trips back and forth, occupied some time.

They piled the bags up in a corner, and when they had five layers up they brought the chest with the last layer in it.

By that time it was around noon and they were all hungry, so they left the interior of the rock and made a dinner off canned meat and bananas.

What bothered them now was to make up the gold in easy handling packages so that it could be taken away with them when a vessel came near enough to the island to be signaled.

As gold is the heaviest of all metals this was a serious consideration.

"We might carry away one bag each without attracting notice," said Jack.

"And how about the rest?" asked Sam, vitally interested in the fate of his share of the treasure, which he figured as about \$100,000.

"We'd bury it in the sand near the base of this rock. Then when we reached port we could hire a seaworthy sloop, with a part of the money we carried with us, sail back here by ourselves, take the treasure aboard and return to port with it. We are sailors enough to handle any kind of a small fore-and-aft after between us."

After some argument the boys agreed on that plan.

They dug a deep hole in the sand behind the line of shrubbery and on the following day they transferred all their money-bags to it, lining it with a sailcloth so as to be sure that when they dug the treasure up none of it would escape them.

They kept out three bags and marked the spot at the base of the rock.

On the following day they visited the wreck again and Sam ventured to make an attempt to reach the pantry of the brig.

After several attempts he succeeded, but was unable to fetch anything away, as the final effort exhausted him.

Jack tried his hand at it, with the aid of pointers from Sam, and succeeded in fetching up several cans of preserved corned-beef, which he grabbed at random from one of the shelves.

They visited the wreck every day after that at low tide and by degrees secured many things from the pantry, one being a whole ham in its canvas casing.

At the end of three weeks a gale broke over the island late one afternoon, and as there was rain in the air and there was no shelter outside the cave they retreated to that secure haven, after providing themselves with cocoanuts, bananas and all the other provisions they had brought from the wreck.

It rained in torrents that night, and blew great gales.

"Only for this retreat we'd have been soaked through and through," said Will, as they sat together in the darkness of the cave after eating their supper.

"Bet your life we would," said Sam. "Here we are as snug as a bug in a rug."

"You mean as snug as three bugs in a rug," grinned Will.

"How the wind howls," said Jack. "It puts me in mind of the hurricane and the two preceding gales we went through."

"Don't mention that hurricane," said Will. "We nearly saw our finish in it. I shall never forget it if I live to be one hundred."

"Gee! But we had a fierce time of it. It was a snorter," said Sam.

"I think we've talked long enough for to-night. I'm sleepy," said Jack. "Turn in on the floor and go to sleep."

His chums took the hint and ten minutes later the three were asleep, undisturbed by the howling of the storm outside.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### THREE FAIR SENORITAS.

When they awoke next morning the gale was practically over, though it was still blowing strong.

It had come from the southeast, and the surf boiled on the south shore of the island.

The outlook from the hole in the rock was toward the north, and when Jack looked out he saw the sun shining on a heaving waste of water.

"The storm is over, fellows. We'll have breakfast and then get outside," he said.

When the boys made their exit from the rock they walked across to the south shore to see if anything had come ashore during the night.

Nothing of any importance had.

They wandered around through the island till noon and then ate their dinner.

After the meal they returned to the south shore and sat down idly in the sun, the heat of which was tempered by the strong wind.

They had been there perhaps half an hour when Sam started up suddenly.

"Look yonder!" he cried, excitedly. "There's a craft of some kind coming toward the island."

The other two jumped on their feet and looked in the direction he pointed.

Sure enough, a small, two-masted vessel, without a stitch of canvas spread, was drifting toward the island.

"There can't be anybody aboard of her," said Jack. "The crew and officers must have been washed overboard during the storm. The gale might have caught her unprepared and partially capsized her, spilling all hands into the sea. Then

she righted afterward, and with her sails blown to ribbons, she simply drifted about at the mercy of the sea."

"She must be a mighty staunch vessel to escape swamping under the circumstances," said Will.

The boys watched the little vessel approach, which she did, quite fast.

She was headed for the center of the island, where the beach was broken by a small indentation that could scarcely be called a cove.

If she ran in there she would escape the breakers to a considerable extent, but at any other point the heavy surf was bound to play the mischief with her.

"Say, if she would only come ashore in good shape it would be a great piece of luck for us, wouldn't it?" said Will.

"Bet your life it would!" said Sam. "We could sail away in her and thus rescue ourselves and take the treasure away without any one getting a sight of it."

The boys moved down to the indentation and watched the craft from that point.

"She's coming right for this spot," said Sam.

"I know, but just think what a narrow opening it is for her to hit fairly enough to slip in past the rollers," said Jack.

On came the little vessel, rolling and swinging to and fro.

They could easily see her deck now, and there was not a soul visible.

That seemed to prove that she had none on board.

This closer inspection developed a new fact.

The vessel's canvas had not been blown away, as the boys had naturally supposed, but was snugly furled to the two booms and at the bottom of the jibs.

The little yacht came straight for the break in the beach, and, to the great satisfaction of the boys, ran into the opening and came to a rest, bolt upright, with her little jibboom pointing over the outer line of shrubbery.

The boys immediately made a rush for her and clambered on board.

The cabin door was shut.

Jack, followed by his chums, advanced to see if he could open it.

They were treated to a big surprise.

The door was opened just as they reached it and three pretty girls, with olive complexions and eyes as black as night, stood framed in the opening.

They looked pale, disheveled and frightened.

"Save us! oh, save us!" cried the foremost girl, in Spanish, gazing at Jack.

Jack raised his hat and advanced.

"Are you young ladies the only ones aboard this vessel?" he asked.

"Ah! You speak English!" exclaimed the girl. "Yes, yes, we are the only ones on the yacht. She belongs to my father, and we were preparing to go on a cruise in her. We live on the Island of Great Inagua. We girls came on board yesterday morning with our things. My father and mother were to come later. The yacht was anchored in the river opposite our place. We have a crew of three, one of whom sails the vessel. They were all on shore at the house when suddenly the gale came on us without any warning. In some way the yacht broke loose and we drifted down the river into the little bay and so out to sea. Several persons put off in boats to save us, but the boats were upset, and I fear one or more of the men were drowned. All night we drifted in the storm, expecting to founder every moment, but the yacht is a staunch one, with copper air-chambers in the hold, and so she floated like a cork, and now, heaven be thanked, we are ashore in safety. What island is this?"

"I couldn't tell you, miss," replied Jack. "It is a small, uninhabited one on which we ourselves were wrecked two weeks or so ago."

"Wrecked! Is it possible?" she ejaculated.

"Yes. Will you tell me your name?"

"Senorita Mercedes Calderon."

"You are Spanish?"

"Yes. My friends are Aurora Guzman and Pepita Martinez, and the señorita indicated them by gesture."

"Thank you. I will introduce myself and friends. My name is Jack Ross. This is Samuel Larkins, and this is Will Drummond."

The girls bowed and smiled.

"Do your friends talk English as well as you?" asked Jack.

"No. They understand a little, but not much. I speak English fluently because I have been two years in the United States, at a boarding school near New Orleans. I am to go back again in the fall. What part of the States do you come from?"

"We are from Chicago, the three of us. That is, we live there. We are not sailors as you may imagine from our appearance, but the sons of rich men. My father is the president of a Chicago national bank, Sam's father is a big soap manufacturer, and Will's father is a copper mining millionaire. We were at a boarding-school called the Hurricane Island Academy, which is on an island of that name in Lake Superior, half a mile from the northern shore of Wisconsin. We got into trouble with the principal, Doctor Pontifax, owing to various larks we indulged in, and that afternoon we went out boat sailing."

Jack then went on to describe all that happened to them from the moment they were captured by the four rascals on Presque Isle, who they were sure were thieves, till they were wrecked on that island in the hurricane.

"My goodness!" exclaimed Senorita Mercedes, "you boys have been through a terrible experience."

"I should say so," nodded Jack. "But I guess it hasn't hurt us any. We feel healthier than ever, and I know hauling on ropes has made me stronger. I'll bet I could pitch great ball if I were back at the Academy now."

"Ah! you play baseball!" she cried. "All boys do. I just date on the game. Were I a boy I should be a ball player, and I should try to excel at it."

"You understand the game, then?"

"Perfectly! I am what you call a fan," she laughed merrily.

"Sam here was the catcher of the academy team. He and I were regarded as the star battery, while Will was the shortstop."

The six castaways were now on excellent terms.

Senorita Mercedes seemed to fancy Jack the best, Senorita Aurora took to Sam, and Senorita Pepita was quite impressed by Will.

The boys learned that the yacht was fully provisioned for the intended cruise, and the girls showed them the well-stocked pantry.

There were four well-appointed staterooms, not very large, but each provided with two berths and all modern conveniences.

Opposite the pantry was another room in which there was a bunk used by the steward, and in which were kept a carpenter's checks, spare canvas and various nautical articles of general use.

The kitchen was forward of the pantry, and the crew of two berthed in a room opposite to it.

The storeroom was in the hold, entrance to which was had through a trap in the passage by means of a ladder.

The cabin was closed off from the pantry, kitchen and passage by a door.

Altogether, the boys thought it was a fine little yacht, and they admired the arrangements without stint.

## CHAPTER XV.

### CONCLUSION.

The girls suddenly recollected their unkempt appearance, and in some confusion declared that they must retire to their two staterooms to make themselves presentable.

The boys bowed, though they remarked that the young ladies were attractive enough as they stood, which compliment Senorita Mercedes blushingly translated to her companions, and brought the roses to their cheeks for the first time since the yacht landed on the beach.

"What do you think of them, Jack?" asked Sam, after the girls had retired.

"Pretty as pictures," he replied, enthusiastically.

"They're dandies!" put in Will. "It's too bad they don't all speak English well."

"They can all use their eyes equally well," chuckled Jack. "I can see with half an eye that you are struck with Miss Pepita."

"No more so than you are with Miss Mercedes," retorted Will. "But there you have the bulge on us, for she speaks English almost like a native."

"You two can amuse yourselves teaching the others English, and take a few lessons in Spanish from them. You will not find time hang very heavy on your hands after this."

"Oh, but I say, we want to get the craft afloat and sail back to Great Inagua in her with our treasure," said Will.

"We'll have a nice job doing it. She isn't a small sailboat, such as we might be able to push off into the water."

"Do you think she's stuck fast?"

"I'll warrant she's fast enough to stay awhile."

"Then we're as bad off as ever."

"Not at all. We'll have fine sleeping quarters aboard of her."

and her pantry will furnish us with first-class meals. We'll put our treasure aboard of her and when some vessel comes within hail we'll get her people to pull us off, if it can be done. If not, they will report our predicament and a steam vessel will be sent to get us off. Oh, we're all right, don't you worry. A few days, more or less, with the society of those charming girls to console us, won't matter to us. We are sure to get away some time in the near future," said Jack.

"I think we'd better get rid of these clothes we've got on and get into our regular clothes which we brought ashore in our bags," said Sam. "The girls have gone to put a few frills on for our benefit, and I think it's up to us to return the compliment. I don't feel just right in these duds, anyway."

"You felt all right till we came upon the young ladies," laughed Jack. "Now you want to make a dude of yourself."

"What's the use of looking like common sailors when we can improve our appearance? Isn't that so, Will?"

"Surest thing you know," said Will.

Accordingly, the boys left the stranded yacht and repaired to the cave in the big rock where they had taken their bags as soon as they saw the gale coming on.

On their way back, looking like they did the day they left Hurricane Island Academy, Sam asked Jack if they had better tell the girls about the treasure.

"Why not?" replied Jack. "We've got to do it when we start to put it aboard of the yacht, so we might as well astonish them now as at any other time."

"When are we going to put it on the yacht?"

"Right away, so as to have everything prepared to go off when a vessel turns up to our aid. One might show up to-morrow for all we know."

"We ought to put it in those boxes we found in the marine cave. If there aren't enough to go around I guess we can find more on the yacht. There is a tool-chest aboard that will furnish us with a hammer and nails, so we'll have no difficulty about boxing the stuff. We can tell the girls not to mention what is in the boxes, and so no one will learn that they hold money," said Sam.

Jack agreed that would be a good way to dispose of the treasure, so it was decided to attend to the matter next morning when they started in to move the gold to the vessel.

When the boys reached the yacht they found the girls on deck, looking for them and wondering where they had gone.

Of course, there was an interchange of compliments all around, and then they sat down on the quarter-deck and talked for an hour.

Then Jack noticed that the sun was nearly down.

"It will be dark in half an hour," he said. "Time we started to get supper. Who's going to act as cook?"

"We girls will do the cooking, and you boys can help us some, and lay the table. Come inside and I'll show you where the dishes and glassware are," said Mercedes.

All adjourned to the cabin, and leaving Sam and Will to set the table for six, Jack followed the girls into the kitchen and started to make a fire for them.

Senorita Mercedes bossed the culinary arrangements.

She placed Pepita in charge of the pantry, which brought Will there to find out how he could make himself useful.

Sam was told to light up, and the cabin soon glowed brightly as the sun set and darkness fell.

In the course of an hour a royal supper was spread on the table and the party sat down to it in high spirits.

At the close of the meal the girls washed the dishes, and the boys put them away.

When everything had been cleared up the party went on the quarter-deck again and sat talking under a brilliant semi-tropical sky, till it was time to retire.

Jack entertained the girls with the story of how they found the treasure, which he estimated as worth about \$300,000, and they were greatly astonished.

He told them about their plans for shipping it on the yacht, and Senorita Mercedes agreed that they ought to lose no time about the matter.

Accordingly after breakfast next morning the boys took a hammer, some nails and a shovel and, accompanied by the girls, went to the place where they had buried the gold, the three bags of which they had already shown the young ladies.

While Sam began to uncover the money, Jack and Will busied themselves opening the boxes they had brought from the cave, and dumping out their contents.

By noon all the treasure had been boxed and conveyed on board of the yacht.

Then dinner was gotten under way and eaten.

Senorita Mercedes expressed a curiosity to see the skeleton the boys had encountered.

"Well, I'll see if I can connect the wire again so that it will work," replied Jack. "We'll go over to the rock now if you say so."

The entire party went and clambered up the rock to the hole. Jack got in at the hole, and after an absence of ten minutes reappeared and was helped out.

"Now look out, girls," he said, jumping on the slab.

Out shot the skeleton arms with the skull behind it.

Senoritas Aurora and Pepita jumped and screamed, and might have fallen, but for the protecting arms of Sam and Will, who thought this an excellent excuse for encircling their slender waists.

Senorita Mercedes was braver, but, nevertheless, was startled.

When Jack got off the slab the skeleton framework vanished as before.

"It's a wonder you wasn't frightened to death, Senor Jack, when that thing first jumped at your neck," said Mercedes.

"I'll admit that it gave me the shock of my life," he replied.

He worked the mechanism several times for the benefit of the girl, who ceased to fear it after the first time.

The party then returned to the yacht and put in the afternoon on the quarter-deck together.

Every day after that they eagerly looked for a sail in the offing.

Many they saw, but too far off to signal.

The yacht had been three weeks ashore when another gale set in one afternoon.

Great waves rolled in on the shore and seethed around the yacht.

At last a giant roller lifted her up and carried her off into the sea.

The boys had anticipated something of this kind and had loosened the canvas of the jibs to have them ready for hoisting, double reefed.

They had to work quick to get away on the yacht so as to save her from going ashore again, and they barely kept her out of the line of surf.

Jack maneuvered her so well as to gradually carry her beyond the island.

She rode the storm out like a duck, but drifted a considerable distance to the north.

When the weather cleared she was headed south, but the boys were not sufficiently skilled in navigation to hope to fetch Great Inagua Island.

They sighted a schooner, however, ran up and hailed her, and got the proper course.

On the following day they reached the island, took a man on board to pilot them to the river, and finally anchored off the plantation where Senorita Mercedes lived.

Needless to say she and her girl friends were received as ones back from the grave, and great rejoicing took place.

The three young Americans received a royal welcome.

They remained two weeks on the island, and were then taken to the town of Baracao, in Cuba, about 100 miles from Great Inagua Island, whence they made their way to Havana by rail, carrying their treasure with them.

They went to Key West by boat, and then by rail straight to New York.

They arranged with the Sub-Treasury to take the old Spanish and French coin at its actual value in gold and received a check for a little over \$300,000.

Each of the boys wrote a letter to his father, detailing their experiences since they left the academy, declaring that they had learned the lesson of the world and wished to get back to the academy at the beginning of the next term, promising to behave themselves in future if their fathers could arrange the matter.

Two days later they received telegrams to return to Chicago.

The past was overlooked, and they were received with open arms.

Dr. Pontifax was communicated with, and under the circumstances consented to receive them back.

Driven from school with \$340, they returned with a large fund of experience and worth \$100,000 each of a pirate's buried gold.

Next week's issue will contain "A BRIGHT BOY BROKER; OR, SHEARING THE WALL STREET LAMBS."

SEND POSTAL FOR OUR FREE CATALOGUE.

# CURRENT NEWS

A dozen or more horses belonging to Alfred G. Vanderbilt are now being prepared for shipment from Oakland Farm in Portsmouth to the owner's stables in London to be used by Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt for their personal carriages.

The French aviator, Prevot, driving a monoplane, recently broke the record for altitude with two passengers. He reached a height of 2,200 metres, about 7,200 feet. Only a few days ago at Senlis, Verept, with two passengers, attained an altitude of 1,075 metres.

Three Giant recruits turned in their signed contracts, Wednesday. Shortstop Grob, farmed out to the Bisons in 1911; Pitcher John Ferrell, of the Spartanburg (Va.) Club, and Eugene Paulet, the infielder who subbed a bit as Fred Merkle's understudy toward the end of the past campaign, are all fullfledged Giants. Ferrell is a big right-hander who is highly touted.

John M. Ward, president of the Boston Nationals, left Tuesday for the Hub, where he will confer with his manager, Johnny Kling. Ward is chairman of the National League Rules Committee, and while in Beantown will arrange for a meeting of the Joint Rules Committee. Umpire Tom Connolly, who hibernates in Boston, is chairman of the American League Committee.

Gertrude Somers, eight-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Somers, of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., was an unhappy little girl when she arrived here alone on the Oceanus, Monday. She had started from Bermuda with her St. Bernard dog, Wolf, and Wolf had tumbled overboard while engaged in tossing crackers off his nose and was miles astern before Gertrude could dry her tears and tell the officers what had happened.

Roused in his sleep at night by intense pain caused by acute indigestion, T. P. Swan, road commissioner at Middlebourn, W. Va., recently swallowed three shoe buttons, mistaking them for pills. After taking the supposed pills the pain wore off. Swan went back to bed and was not bothered with the pain again until morning. He went to take a second dose of the pills. Then he discovered his mistake. He is worrying over the effect.

Australian Quakers are now up in arms, to put it paradoxically, against the new commonwealth compulsory military service act. They have just held a convention in Sydney and decided that while as citizens they were prepared to render any duties that the State rightly demanded by the civil authority, they could take no part under military direction in the universal training required by the defense act. Believing that Christianity and the practice of war were opposed, they regarded compulsory military service as contrary to the fundamental tenets of their religion.

A mild invasion of Japan was authorized this week by General Leonard Wood, chief of staff of the army, in permitting an officer and nine enlisted men to proceed from the Philippines to Japan to conquer that country, not with muskets, but with baseball bats. The games to be played will be a return engagement for games played by the Tokio University team in the Philippines. The trip of the American soldiers is to be made on condition that the Japanese government will permit their landing in Japan.

A bill is now being introduced in the Assembly of New York State by Assemblyman Cuvillier authorizing Adjutant-General Verbeek to return the Confederate flags now held in the New York State Bureau of Military Relics. If it becomes a law a score of emblems will be returned to such companies or organizations as may be entitled to hold them. Among the flags here is half of the Confederate ensign which floated over the City Hall at Richmond, Va. Another, containing thirteen stars and the names of Williamsburg and Seven Pines, was taken from the 17th Volunteers of Virginia. A third, captured at Columbia, S. C., bears the inscription: "Don't stay at home with me; you have work to do. Go ahead."

Of greater concern to major league baseball than the various proposed "third major league" outlaw associations are the health conditions of the State of Texas. An epidemic of meningitis has been sweeping the Lone Star State and there is every probability that all baseball clubs will be barred from training in that section by the Board of Health. Many of the principal Texas cities have already been quarantined. The malady is steadily making headway against the best efforts of the health authorities. Where the disease is at its height the State has absolutely prohibited traffic with the outside world. Health conditions in Texas directly affect the champions of both the National and American leagues. The Giants, titleholders of the National League, have a permanent training camp established at Marlin Springs. While this town is free from the disease, a number of neighboring cities, within a radius of 150 miles, have been stricken. Both Fort Worth and Dallas are plague centers, and McGraw depends on these cities for preliminary practice. In the same manner the world champion Athletics may be affected. Connie Mack has made all arrangements to take his crack club to San Antonio, which is a mineral springs town like Marlin, and is free from the disease just now. The Chicago White Sox are more unfortunate than either Giants or Athletics.

Comiskey had planned to work at Corsicana, which is said to be right in the center of the epidemic. John J. McGraw, manager of the Giants, intimated that he might be forced to change his entire plans for training as a result of the situation in Texas. "I have been assured," said the leader of the Giants, "that Marlin is not in the danger zone. But you can bet your bottom dollar I will take no chances. I am not going to take such valuable property as a championship team anywhere which is not absolutely safe."

# BILLY, THE BROKER'S BOY

OR,

## THE WIRE TAPPERS OF WALL STREET

By HORACE APPLETON

### CHAPTER VII. (continued)

"How did you know?" demanded Billy, suspiciously.

"Oh, I found out. No matter how. Am I right or wrong?"

"You're right."

"You were a prisoner in that house?"

"I was. I escaped."

"And saved me the trouble of rescuing you—that's what I came out here to do."

The detective's manner was so reassuring, that little by little Nick Price drew the whole story out.

All but the remarkable communication Billy had received over the telephone wire.

This Billy concluded to keep to himself.

"If I'm really heir to a big fortune and these fellows went to put me out of the way on that account, I better look sharp who I talk to," he thought. So he listened when Nick gave him a pretty broad hint as to what he had heard and kept a close mouth as to what he knew himself.

Perhaps it would have been better to have spoken out frankly, but Billy didn't think so, and so held his tongue.

Nick produced his bunch of skeleton keys, and started to open the boathouse, so that they might dry their clothes.

A good rub-down with coarse towels found in the lockers and the dry underclothes made them both feel better.

By the time this was finished Nick knew that he had located the headquarters of the wire tappers. In the uncertain light, he had studied the situation the best he could.

The great system of telegraph wires between New York and Newark passed before the toll house, and there were several connecting wires running into the room where Billy had seen the switchboard.

"Of course there's a lineman in the deal, and probably an inspector, too," thought Nick. "If it wasn't so, this could never be."

He began to question Billy again; he made him tell all the details of what had happened in Mr. Silverman's office that afternoon, and then he made him go over his own adventures again.

"We are right on the trail of these fellows now, my boy," he said at last, "and if we work our cards right, I think we ought to be able to land them. Maybe you don't know that there's a big reward out for their capture. You stick to me, and we'll work this thing together. You'll lose nothing by it, I promise you that."

"But I ought to go back to Silverman's," said Billy. "I can't afford to lose my place."

"Let the place go. I'll get you a better one after this

is all over. Stay with me for a day or two, anyhow. I want your help."

"I ought to see Mr. Silverman," said Billy, doubtfully.

"Don't you do it. Don't show yourself," replied the detective. "It may be as much as your life is worth. What we want now is to see the inside of that switch room. I must do it somehow, and you must help me. Do you suppose that fellow is still asleep?"

"More than I can tell you, Mr. Price. I'm ready for business, though. I'm willing to do anything you say."

"That's the way to talk, we've got to hustle. Of course there's risk about it. Say, you have no idea where that office was in New York where you met the girl?"

"Not the faintest. I don't think it was in the building where they captured me, though."

"Neither do I. Come, let's slide out and get over by the toll house. Ten minutes in that room might tell me more than I could find out in a month of Sundays in any other way."

Billy's enthusiasm was pretty well aroused by this time. He thought Nick Price a splendid fellow, and being thoroughly tired of the treatment that he had received at Broker Silverman's, it is no wonder that he was willing to tie to the detective.

Then there was that startling information which he had received over the wire.

"Am I really heir to a big fortune?" thought the boy, as he followed Nick out of the boathouse.

So far as his story was concerned, Billy, the broker's boy, might have been anybody's son and heir to twenty fortunes, for he knew next to nothing about himself.

"By Jove, we are in luck!" breathed Nick, as they were about to step on the bridge. "There goes that big fellow now!"

It was Big Matt Bray with his face all tied up.

A street car was approaching the old toll house, and the detective and Billy watched him while he boarded it.

In a moment Big Matt was being whirled away toward Jersey City.

"Why don't you arrest him?" asked Billy.

"Pshaw! That would spoil the whole business," replied the detective. "We want to catch them red-handed, Billy. We want to know all they know before we make a move. Now's our time to get into that operating room. You just follow me."

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### WORKING IN THE OPERATING ROOM.

"What are you going to do?" asked Billy, as he hurried along by the detective's side across the bridge.

"Haven't the faintest idea," replied Nick, coolly. "I never worry my head about anything like that."

"But—"

"Oh, come now, Billy, there's no buts about it. I'm one of the kind that just takes everything as it comes. First of all I'm going to make a survey of the premises. I suppose that's your room up there where that light is burning."

"I suppose it is. The wires go in at that window all right."

"Sharp! You observe everything. Great thing to be able to observe."

"Well, I don't go around with my eyes shut."

"Right! Let's see how we are going to get in there. Can you climb?"

"This fence?"

"Yes."

"Of course."

"Over with you, then. Of course you will make all the noise you can, and being a broker's boy, you ought to be able to make a lot of it."

Thus saying, Nick sprang up, caught the top of the fence, and slung himself over.

It was really wonderful to see how noiselessly he managed it.

Billy tried his best to imitate him, and found himself on a narrow bit of planking behind the toll house. There were old barrels and empty beer kegs and other odds and ends there. So was the broken window through which Nick Price had passed.

"Huh!" breathed the detective; "if I had struck on those kegs instead of going clear of them I would have broken my back to a dead certainty. I seem to be in luck all around to-night."

The words were almost inaudible and Nick as he spoke peered through the broken panes.

All was dark in the barroom. Perhaps Corney had gone to bed, perhaps he was upstairs in the switch room or even watching them then and ready to pounce upon them. It must be confessed that Billy felt rather nervous as the detective put his hand in through the broken sash, and turning the fastening, raised the window and stepped inside.

He held up his hand to Billy to follow, and the boy saw that there was a revolver in it.

Billy's heart beat wildly as they stole into the barroom, where the broken bottles and burned floor all wet down with the water which had been thrown upon it gave evidence to what had occurred.

"No one here," breathed Nick. "Say, Billy, this is bully. Show us the way upstairs."

"But suppose that fellow jumps on us?"

"Then we'll fight, that's all. Don't you fret, I'm ready for any emergency. Lead on—or, stay! You don't know anything more about it than I do. Follow me."

Opening the side door Nick slipped upstairs, and Billy followed. They had to grope their way through the dark hall and it was ticklish business, the more so because they could now hear some one moving about in the back room. The door of the operating room was ajar, and they slipped in, Nick taking a careful look first.

He saw that the situation had not changed since Billy left there.

The opium fiend lay stretched upon the lounge in a deep sleep. . . .

A telegraph instrument upon the operating table was ticking, and the light turned down low, shed a fitful glare about the room.

"Huh! I can duplicate you all right, my friend," murmured Nick, bending over the sleeper and taking a hasty survey of his face.

Then Billy, watching, saw some good detective work.

Rolling the sleeper over, Nick managed to pull off his coat without disturbing him. He put it on, throwing his own wet coat into a closet. Then he clapped on an old straw hat without a crown, which lay on the table, and this accomplished, he pulled out his paint box and a black wig and went to work on his face.

It was really wonderful. Inside of three or four minutes the detective had so transformed himself that he bore a very passable resemblance to the operator, who happened to be about his size.

This accomplished, while Billy was watching him admiringly, he picked up the sleeper and carried him bodily into the room which had been Billy's prison.

"Stay and watch him!" he whispered. "Here, take this revolver in case you have trouble. I've got another. Quick! The telephone bell is ringing—we are going to have music in a moment unless I greatly mistake."

He flew back along the passage to the operating room, leaving Billy to watch the sleeper, and not a moment too soon did he reach the 'phone, for almost at the same instant a heavy脚步 was heard coming along the hall, and Billy, peering through the open door, saw to his horror the man Corney going into the operating room. He held his breath, expecting trouble; but he little knew the resources of Nick Price, the detective—nor did he know the style of man Corney was as was afterwards proved.

Nick heard Corney coming, too, and suspecting what was up, was all ready for him.

He had the receiver pressed against his ear and his mouth to the 'phone, and was calling out:

"Hello! Hello!"

"Be gollys, and you're there, are you, professor?" cried Corney. "So you've waked up at last!"

"Don't bother me! Don't you see I'm getting something over the 'phone?" the detective growled.

"Ugly, is it ye are?" retorted Corney. "Well, it's always so when the dope is in you. Sure, the boss was here to-night, and we've had a devil of a time. You'll get the grand bounce, so you will, professor, if you don't keep ready for business. Howsoever, that's no business of mine; if I've not got to watch the 'phone I'm off to bed."

"Go to blazes," growled Nick, "and let me get this message."

He spoke in a thick, mumbling way, like a man who was half asleep.

It was a most admirable bit of impersonation on short notice, and completely deceived Corney, who turned and left the room, growling as he went.

Nick waited only to see him go and then called out: "Yes, I am here. What do you want?"

"I want to get Big Matt. Must have him right away now. Is he there?" came the answer on the 'phone.

(To be continued)

# FACTS WORTH READING

## TIRED OF SCHOOL, FIRED IT.

Two small boys, who didn't want to go to school and decided to get their liberty by burning the schoolhouse, as the police explained the case, were arraigned in the Children's Court, New York City. They are Clarence Buchholz, eleven years old, of No. 400 East One Hundred and Twentieth street, and Raffele Feraro, ten, of No. 2350 First avenue, and the building they are charged with trying to burn is Public School 163, at No. 509 East One Hundred and Twentieth street, a frame structure that caught fire on January 17. The boys were arrested on Saturday afternoon in the office of Assistant Fire Marshal George A. Federlie, in Fire Headquarters, by Detectives Bryan and Unger, of the Central Office. It is said by the police that the boys confessed setting a fire in the school when examined by the assistant fire marshal.

## MIND BLANK TWENTY-TWO YEARS.

An unusual case of dual personality has come to light at Ottumwa, Iowa, following an operation recently upon Jacob Marsh for the removal of a tumor caused by a blow twenty-two years ago.

Since his injury Marsh's early life has been an entire blank. After the operation Marsh had no recollection whatever of his actions during the twenty-two years intervening between his injury and the operation, but he recalled vividly the first eighteen years of his life.

His first words when coming out of the anaesthetic were: "See the sneak run," referring to the man who assaulted him. When Marsh was injured he was employed on a grading gang by John Tobek, an Iowa City stone contractor. Since that time he has worked hard and prospered.

## PRINTING WITHOUT PRINTING INK.

It is very possible that before long newspapers will be printed without the use of printing ink. Even the colored supplements are to be printed without ink. A German publication, "Die Welt der Technik," devoted to scientific matters and inventions, credits the discovery of the inkless printing process to an English inventor. In the course of some electrical experiments, it says, he accidentally pressed a coin, which had fallen on to the table and was rolling off, against a metallic plate covered with a piece of paper, and at the same time against an insulated electric line. To his amazement he saw a sepia print of the coin impressed upon the paper. This happened about twelve years ago. Since then the inventor has followed up this observation, and has now developed a process for printing without printing ink. He uses dry paper impregnated with certain chemicals, whose nature is not disclosed. In the process of printing the paper travels over a metal plate and the type is applied on the opposite side, a current of electricity passing through the paper. According to the particular metal used for the substratum, and according to the mode of impregnation of the paper, a great variety of different colors can be produced, so that multi-color printing becomes an easy matter.

## FELLING TREES WITH WIRE.

Hugo Gautke, a Boston inventor, has just made a successful demonstration of a new method of felling trees with no other tool than a taut incandescent wire and a motor. With a wire one-twenty-fifth of an inch in diameter he cut down a tree twenty inches thick in six minutes. Here is his explanation of the process:

"The wire, which is given an excessively rapid to-and-fro motion by an electric motor, becomes heated by the friction to a temperature high enough to burn the wood and penetrate it rapidly. The result is a neater cut than that made with a saw. The wire severs the largest trunks without the necessity of opening the cut with wedges and trees may be cut at any desired place, even below the ground, so that no protruding stump is left. The electric current may be brought to the place from a distant station. Such a station may be established at the border of the forest; a gasoline motor of ten horse-power and a dynamo are all that is needed. By this means the huge trees that are met with in tropical forests, whose diameters often exceed ten feet, may be felled by a single executioner."

"The method has, in all cases, the immense advantage that it prevents the loss of wood that results from the use of the axe."

## RAREST SILVER DOLLAR.

A United States silver pattern dollar, dated 1775, and valued at \$5,000, which was exhibited at Chicago at the convention of the American Numismatic Association, held recently, brought to the immediate attention of both the general public and collectors of silver pieces which for rarity, value and historical worth completely eclipses the celebrated 1804 dollar or indeed any other coin in the United States series. Even in some respects it is more interesting than the excessively rare and valuable silver pattern dollar or "mark" of 1783, proposed by Robert Morris, the "financier of the Revolution."

The Continental currency dollar is about the size of an ordinary silver dollar and contains 378 grains of silver. On the obverse the principal design is a sun shining on a sundial, with the word "Fugio" to the left. Below the dial is the motto, "Mind Your Business," a saying attributed to Franklin. This central design is inclosed by two circles, while around the border in large letters is the inscription, "Continental Currency, 1776." On the reverse is the circle of thirteen links, each of which bears the name of one of the thirteen colonies. In the center is a radiation which incloses a double circle, in which are the words, "American Congress. We Are One."

No definite information as to where the Continental currency dollar was made can now be obtained. But it is thought to have been produced by one of the engravers of Birmingham, England, in which city were made many of the coins that were circulated in this country during Colonial days and the most of which are now highly valued by collectors.

# GRIT AND GOLD

OR,

## WORKING FOR A FORTUNE

By ALEXANDER ARMSTRONG

### CHAPTER XIX. (continued)

A murmur went through the crowd. All eyes were upon O'Hare. He was a potential character in Golconda, for, as he declared, the company stood back of him.

Bob and Tony shot glances of gratitude toward him. But if he saw them he took no heed. His keen eye was upon the crowd.

Dunn and Dane stood quivering with fury and hatred. The reason for their attitude, as they well knew was known to O'Hare.

"I kin prove what I say," reiterated O'Hare, rigidly. "These gents won't be hung to-day. They are mining on their own land an' Dunn an' Dane know it, and that they themselves are 'ribbin' an' that's why they wanter hang the tenderfoot gents. Now do ye understand?"

"Thet's a lie!" roared both villains.

O'Hare's hand stole toward his pistol. His face was white with anger, but he controlled himself.

"Look out how you give me the lie, Jim Dunn," he said, in an icy voice. "I'm not the kind to fool with. Now we'll prove what I say. These gents have the deed of their claim. You have the deed of yours, which is bogus, an' ain't wuth the paper it's written on. Now, sheriff, arrest them two pups. I'll pledge my life ter prove it in a court of justice."

The tables were turned. The Western heart is all impulse. The revulsion of feeling was instant and sweeping. All eyes were upon Dane & Dunn.

"Is thet the truth, O'Hare?" asked Sheriff Brisco. "Will you sw'ar to that?"

"By all thet's holy," declared O'Hare. "I'll pledge my life."

"Give us fair play," cried Tony. "That's all we want, gents."

"You'll git it," shouted the crowd.

"Hang the others!"

"It's a black job!"

Dane and Dunn were ghastly pale. In vain they made protest. They were put under arrest.

"Hold 'em hard, Brisco," declared O'Hare. "We'll have Jim Hayes make the survey to-morrow an' if what I say ain't right you can hang me."

The crowd cheered and then all repaired to the tavern, where O'Hare treated all to whisky. Dane and Dunn were held under arrest by Brisco.

Then O'Hare came anxiously to Bob and Tony.

"Yer deed's all right, is it?" he asked. "I've been puttin' up a big bluff an' they'll hang me if it ain't all straight."

### CHAPTER XX.

#### A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

"The deed is all right, Mr. O'Hare," declared Bob. "Oh, they shall not harm you if we are beaten. You cannot know how grateful we are."

"Oh, thet's all right," declared O'Hare. "But I warned ye to look out fer sharks. Ye see them fellers have been workin' your claim. If they cud hev worked their bluff an' got ye hung they'd have had the whole thing. See?"

"They are villains," declared Bob. "I can see now my folly in not having my claim properly surveyed and staked."

"Well, hev it done at once. Jim Hayes is an honest fellow."

"I will."

So the next day mining operations were suspended while Hayes made the survey.

It proved as O'Hare had suspected. Dane & Dunn's claim was bogus and they had really been mining upon the land of those they accused.

Public sentiment ran high when this was known. Moreover, the miners all began to look upon Bob as a power in their midst, for the possession of three thousand acres in that particular locality made a veritable gold king of him.

The mob wanted to lynch Dane and Dunn at once.

"No," he said to O'Hare and Brisco. "I could not think of it. I do not want to take human life. Let them go."

"But—they may work their revenge upon you," said the sheriff. "They are a couple of bad men."

"I'll risk it," said Bob, bravely. "I don't want their lives."

This unusual decision surprised the denizens of Golconda. But it had an immense effect upon them.

They were disposed to regard it as generosity, and with miners as with sailors, the man of spirit and a free heart is always their choice. So Bob became popular.

The boundaries of the claim were now fully established.

There was nothing now to hinder Bob and Tony from resuming their work and they did so.

Day by day they developed the claim. With every load of quartz carted to the stamp mill a handsome return was rendered and they were enabled to add to their stock of tools.

Finally Bob was able to employ miners and was obliged to give up using the pick and shovel himself and become overseer.

The wealth of the Clifford Mine, as Bob called it, was immense. Fresh seams of quartz showed fabulous richness.

Prominent men came from the region about to inspect the new find. Bob's name went the length and breadth of Colorado.

Capitalists made him princely offers, but he refused them all.

"I do not care for partnership," he said, simply. "I prefer to go along on my own hook."

"Very eccentric fellow," the capitalists thought, but this was Bob's principle and he hung to it.

Tony was made superintendent of the mine. The tramp had been completely made over into a new man.

Nobody would have recognized him as the hobo who had slept in barns and lived on what he could beg and borrow for so many years.

"Some day," he said, "I shall go back to my old home. I will then square myself with those who wronged me."

Indeed it looked like happy days and prosperity for the two wanderers. Day after day the Clifford Mine developed.

Then one day Bob received a princely offer from the Golconda Company. The directors were to meet at Golconda and Bob consented to meet them, though he did not intend to ally himself with them.

A great surprise was in store for him.

As he entered the mine office he found himself in the presence of a dozen or more well dressed gentlemen. But among them was one who started up with a great cry.

"What is this? Can I believe my eyes? Is it Bob Clifford?"

Bob gazed at the speaker with amazement. He recognized him instantly as Carleton Brown, the millionaire, who, with Alice Brown, his daughter, he and Tony had rescued from the sinking yacht so many months before.

"Mr. Brown," cried Bob, with eager surprise. "Is it you?"

"Then you have not forgotten me, my boy?" said the millionaire, warmly. "But you did not expect to meet me here?"

"Indeed I did not," replied Bob. "I suppose Miss Alice is well?"

"She is here with me. I could not keep her from coming, but she really likes the wild life and declares she is going to visit the Golconda shaft. She often speaks of you and we have both wondered if we would ever see you again. Fate has answered our prayer."

Bob's veins tingled. He recalled the sweet presence and soft voice of Alice Brown and remembered well how the first sight of her had thrilled him.

It would be indeed a pleasure to see her again. So he replied:

"I can assure you, Mr. Brown, I have never ceased to think of you and Miss Alice, too. In all the adventures I have had since I saw you last I have not forgotten you, though I had feared that we would never meet."

"The joy is great," declared the millionaire. "The debt I owe you——"

"I beg of you not to mention that," said Bob. "We only did our duty, Tony and I, but are you to remain long in Golconda?"

"I came here in response to a call from the directors," said Mr. Brown.

"Are you, then, one of the Golconda Company?" asked Bob.

"I am the president."

Bob was more than surprised. He had never dreamed of this.

"The president of the Golconda Company!" he exclaimed. "I never imagined that."

"Yes, and I never supposed that you were the Robert Clifford who had made such a lucky strike in these hills. Why, Bob, you are likely to be richer than any of us."

"I hardly think that," said Bob, modestly. "I do not aspire to great wealth. A competence is enough for me."

"Well, I predict you have the biggest thing in California this year," declared Mr. Brown. "If you will only consolidate with Golconda now——"

"Can't do it," said Bob, decisively.

"Eh?" exclaimed the astonished millionaire. "What are your objections?"

"Well, I prefer to stand alone."

"In union lies strength."

"I admit that, but there is a lack of independence."

Mr. Brown whistled slowly.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed. "What latter day philosopher have we here? On my word, I admire your principle, though I am anxious that you should associate yourself with us."

"I fear that I cannot," declared Bob. "Do not deem me ungrateful, Mr. Brown. It is simply my idea, that's all."

"That's all right, my boy. It's your privilege. You certainly do not need to associate yourself with anybody. I shall wish you all success just the same, but, come, they are calling the meeting to order."

The chairman had begun the roll call and the transaction of business by the directors was already under way.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### A BIG DEAL.

The object of the meeting of the Golconda Company was quickly discovered. It was to offer the Clifford Syndicate, as Bob's mine was called, an inducement to join forces with Golconda.

"I am empowered to offer you these terms," said the chairman, addressing Bob. "For the rights of your mine we will give you a directorship in the Golconda and also two million dollars in stock or cash against your title. You will forever participate in the earnings."

Bob listened attentively. Then he arose from his chair. "Gentlemen," he said, quietly, but forcefully, "I have listened to your very generous proposition. I thank you for it very heartily."

"Then you accept?" asked the chairman.

"No. I decline it."

There was a stir among the capitalists. It was evident that they were not only surprised, but not a little disgruntled.

(To be continued)

# FROM ALL POINTS

With the thermometer registering 28 degrees below zero, Carl Faulkenberg, a seventeen-year-old fugitive from the Minnesota State Industrial School at Red Wing, Minn., on Wednesday, rode seventy-five miles on the pilot of a locomotive and was nearly frozen to death. He is now in a Chicago hospital. Faulkenberg's hands, feet and ears were frozen, his eyes were closed and he is in a serious condition from exposure. Passengers on the train took up a collection for him.

Joseph O'Brien, secretary of the New York Baseball Club, received the signed contract recently of George J. Burns. Burns is an outfielder. He played a few games with the Giants last fall, and John McGraw says he "made good." Until Burns joined the Giants he played with the Utica club. While playing there "Sadie" McMahon, one of the Giants' scouts, saw him and recommended him to McGraw. Burns has a good batting record and McGraw believes he will materially strengthen his batting staff.

Horrible atrocities were committed by the tribes in Portuguese Africa during a rising of the natives there lately, according to a dispatch received from Argola by the *Seculo*. A number of Portuguese officials who were captured by them were burned alive. The rebellion occurred in the province of Muxima, and the natives captured all the white men who crossed their path. Some of these were immediately burned at the stake, while others had their lips severed and their eyes pulled out of their sockets before they were thrown into the flames.

Playgrounds are now being fitted up for the exclusive use of the girls in the Boston public schools. It is planned to give them regular athletics in the same way as boys. Outdoor games and gymnastics will be taught and instructors will be engaged for systematic training. It is felt by the Boston school officials that the girls are even more in need of athletics than the boys in the schools. The girls are enthusiastic for the plan. All will be compelled to submit to a medical examination, and on this the exercise to be taken by each child will be regulated.

Recently, while coasting on Cabinet street, Newark, William Ryan, twelve years old, was killed. His sled carried him under a Bergen street trolley car. With Jerome Latham, fourteen years old, of 44 Hunterdon street, young Ryan had been coasting for several hours. When Latham saw the sled headed for the trolley car he hurled himself off. He escaped without a scratch. A second coasting accident happened in Tarrytown the same day, when Mildred Brooks, the five-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brooks, ran into a delivery wagon and fell under the horse's feet. Physicians said no bones were broken, but she was badly bruised and her condition was critical. Owing to the dangerous conditions the trustees talk of stopping coasting except on one or two streets, which will be under police protection.

Recently, while traveling for thirteen miles without a guiding hand, during which time it switched from one road to another, Northern Pacific Engine No. 2347 came to a stop at Cedar Station, Iowa, without harm to itself or other trains. The engine started in some manner unknown at Northern Junction and, rushing northward, hit the switch ten miles further, where it was thrown over to the Great Northern tracks, upon which it proceeded. Soon after the runaway started, another engine was manned and the chase began, but the pursuers kept to the Northern Pacific tracks, not thinking the engine could have changed roads. Shortly afterward word was received that the engine had stopped at Cedar Station, three miles out on the Great Northern line. Railway officials declare it extraordinary that there was no accident, as the traffic on each line at that time of day usually is heavy.

How to spend \$250,000 in charity is a problem that is now too much for Charles Purcell. He is a malt dealer and executor of the will of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Mary B. Purcell. She died in Los Angeles in 1911, leaving \$250,000 to relatives and \$250,000 to charity. "I'm absolutely at sea as to what I should do with the money," sighed Purcell. "I never hesitated at a duty as I do at this one. I wish I could get out of handling the money. My sister-in-law herself was at a loss as to how best to spend it. She desired to aid charity, but didn't know where to begin. It's a bigger task than I care to assume, but I must. "I tried handing out money to the poor on Christmas, but got rid of only \$6,000. At that I worked hard for a month. I guess I'll have to build a home for abandoned infants. That looks as if I might get rid of \$100,000. It all means hard work that must be done outside my business."

Stepping on an ice-coated tie on the railroad trestle that spans Spuyten Duyvil creek where it empties into the Hudson River, John Gerber, eleven years old, of Inwood avenue, the Bronx, slipped and fell. He dropped through the trestle. His companion, William Shaw, ten years old, grabbed to save him, and he also lost his footing and shot down between the timbers. Harry Seixas, of 372 St. Ann's avenue, commodore of the Third District Life Saving Service of the City of New York, heard their cries. Seixas jumped from the trestle, which is eight feet above the surface of the stream, and landed in the middle of the cake of ice, which split in two and sent the boys and the man into the water. Seixas rose immediately, and the next instant, when Gerber appeared, he grabbed him and planted the boy on another ice floe. He did the same with Shaw. Treading the water, Seixas pushed them to the sheet of solid ice that extended for thirty feet from the bank of the creek. The boys, while drying their clothing in a nearby foundry, said they had been picking up coal and were carrying a bag of fuel between them when the accident occurred. They went to their homes none the worse for their experience.

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The world's record for butter production in a single year, held so long by Colanitia, a Wisconsin Holstein cow, has just been broken by Clothilde, 2d, an Eastern cow of the same breed. The new champion has just completed her year's test, and, according to the official figures, produced in 365 days 1,277 pounds of butter from 25,000 pounds of milk. It takes an exceptionally good cow to make 106 pounds of butter in a month, even in full flow, but here is a cow that has averaged that amount for twelve months in succession.

When Charles Koch, trapper, of New Rochelle, visited his traps last Thursday he found his black-and-tan terrier, Probar, strung up by one hind leg in a noose to a sapling which had been used as a mink trap and holding a large mink by the tail. The dog was bleeding from wounds inflicted by the mink's claws and teeth. Both Probar and the mink, which measures thirty-six inches, were nearly exhausted. Caught in other traps were three smaller mink that it is supposed had been attracted by the fight between dog and mink and had gone to help their comrade. Probar, who had accompanied his master from his home, 7 Orchard street, every day for nine years, had preceded him to the traps and caught the largest mink seen near New Rochelle in several years.

## JOKES AND JESTS.

Hi Jump—At Harvard you can be absent all you please. Hammer Thrower—That's what I call a liberal education.

"Ma, what is an angel?" "An angel is one that flies." "Why, Pa says my governess is an angel." "Yes, and she's going to fly, too."

Professional Wanderer—Sonny, is this here town one o' them local option towns? Boy—Yes, sir; I guess so, sir. You can get it either at the drug store or the grocery.

"How sad that man looks!" said Mrs. Smith. "Poor fellow! He has no doubt loved and lost." "More likely," answered Mr. Smith, sarcastically, "he's loved and got her."

Jealous He—What makes his lips sweeter than mine? She—Chocolate. Jealous He—Huh! He's mean—he eats it all himself. She—Possibly. But I get the flavor when he kisses me!

Teacher—And what do you suppose all the animals did during those forty days in the Ark? First Pupil—Oh, I suppose they just stood around and scratched themselves. Second Pupil—How could they do that, teacher—there were only two fleas in the Ark?

Elsie is six years old. "Mamma," she asked one day, "if I get married will I have to have a husband like pa?" "Yes," replied the mother, with an amused smile. "And if I don't get married will I have to be an old maid like Aunt Mary?" "Yes." "Mamma"—after a pause—"it's a tough world for us women, ain't it?"

## ITEMS OF CURRENT NEWS

E. Walter Maunder, F. R. S. A., is now of the opinion that the theory of life on Mars is untenable, as the temperature on that planet often reaches absolute zero. "Venus is possibly inhabited," says Mr. Maunder, "for, though it receives twice as much light and heat from the sun as does the earth, it is possible that the immense amount of vapor with which its atmospheres is filled might make a sufficient screen to preserve a temperature low enough to make life possible."

Twenty-six Moros were killed recently while they were attempting to ambush a body of American troops on the Island of Jolo. Lieutenant McGee, of the 2d Cavalry, was shot twice and one American soldier was wounded. Brigadier-General John J. Pershing, commander of the Department of Mindanao, declared this fight would end the armed opposition of the Moros to American rule in the Island of Jolo. The band of Moros that lay in ambush for the American troops on this occasion comprised, he said, the last of the malcontents.

England is now facing the problem that if it takes 35,000 troops almost three weeks to carry out an oversea attack, with no opposition whatever, how long would 200,000, or even 70,000, take in the face of some very dangerous opposition, even if the bulk of the defending fleet is out of the way? Our coastal torpedo flotillas are always on the spot. As far as the events of this (Italian) war afford an indication, we should incur no undue risk if we dispatched our battle fleets to the Cape of Good Hope or Indian Ocean, except to our trade routes near home waters.

Annie Shock, thirty years old, of 250 Ferry street, Woodhaven, Queens, is in a serious condition in St. Mary's Hospital, Jamaica, L. I., suffering from a possible fracture of the skull, a broken left shoulder and many cuts on her head. She walked out of a third-story window early Monday morning. The young woman was employed since last Saturday as a maid in the home of Clarence Donnelly, at 42 Orchard avenue, Richmond Hill. Notwithstanding her injuries, Miss Shock tried to crawl back to the house. Instead, she entered the home of Mrs. Elizabeth Henry, at 44 Orchard avenue.

## CRIMINALS OUTWIT DETECTIVES.

By Horace Appleton

Many of the mistakes of detectives are those of mistaken identity. Some time ago a man belonging to one of the best known and wealthiest families in the country was greatly surprised and more indignant when he was arrested by a detective who thought he had captured a criminal who recently had escaped from prison. Profuse explanations on the part of the captured man, say the Chicago Tribune, were followed by equally profuse apologies on the part of the detective, so that the incident closed without ill will on either side.

A mistake with a more tragic result occurred in England in 1879. The mistake arose in connection with the famous Edlingham burglary, when two men were brought before the Newcastle assizes charged with the robbing of the vicarage. It appears that when the vicar interrupted his unwelcome visitors they had shot at him, so that the charge of attempted murder was added to that of burglary. The two men, Brannagan and Murphy, who were charged with the crime, were convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment, as the evidence seemed to be convincing beyond the shadow of a doubt. Then two other men confessed that they alone were guilty of the robbery.

Supt. Butcher, one of the most astute detectives Scotland Yard ever possessed, was sent down to investigate the mystery. The chief of the local police, who had been in charge of the investigation at the time of the robbery, had died meanwhile, but some of the subordinates who had assisted him were placed on trial, it being alleged that they had concocted evidence wilfully, upon which evidence the two men were convicted. After a long trial the jury found them innocent of wilfully manufacturing evidence, but the Judge in summing up pointed out that there had been grievous mistakes in judgment on the part of the police.

De Tourville, one of the most terrible of the European criminals, escaped punishment for a long time because of the mistake of a detective. The death of a woman at Scarborough by what De Tourville declared was the accidental discharge of a revolver was investigated by a detective from London, but so frank and open appeared the conduct of the great criminal and so flourishing was his appearance that the officer was misled and reported that he was convinced that the affair was an accident.

When a few years later the death of the wife of De Tourville was being investigated—he murdered her by hurling her over a precipice in the Alps—the body of the woman who had died at Scarborough was exhumed and examined. It was found that, far from killing herself by accident, she had been murdered by some one who had shot her in the back, so that a slight examination would have established the fact. The mistake of the detective at the time of the Scarborough crime had terrible results, for in the time De Tourville was allowed to go free he committed two more murders.

Sherlock Holmes constantly insisted that nothing in a room where a crime had been committed should be touched, and this appears to be a good rule, judging from a mistake made by an intelligent police officer in Ireland. This policeman was placed in charge of a room in which a murder had been committed to see that nothing was disturbed until his superior officers arrived. He found the time passed slowly amid such melancholy surroundings and proceeded to console himself with a pipe. He lit a candle which he found on the mantelpiece, and finding a crumpled-up piece of paper on the floor he used that for lighting his pipe.

As he was afraid that his superiors would object to his smoking while on duty, he opened the window in order to let out the smell of the tobacco and in order to see them when they approached, so that he could put his pipe out in time. It was discovered later that in indulging in the innocent pleasure of a pipe of "tobaccy" he destroyed three of the most important clues.

The length of the candle which he had lighted would have indicated the time when the murder had been committed, the paper with which he had lighted his pipe, judging from the charred remains, had been left there by the murderer himself, and the policeman had forgotten whether he had found the window locked or unlocked when he opened it to let out the smell of smoke. Furthermore, the keen-nosed detective who was put on the case smelled the odor of the tobacco smoke, and not knowing whence it originated, spent a lot of valuable time in tracing it down.

The fear that they are wasting time over trifles or are being made the victims of jokes often leads the police to err on the other side.

Some years ago one of the most cruel murderers ever known almost escaped because two policemen refused to investigate charges of whose truth they were in doubt. A man running along behind a cab came up to two policemen and gasped out that a murderer was riding in the cab with the remains of his victim.

Out of breath from his exertion and too excited for a connected story, the police officers were inclined to think the man either crazy or drunk, and therefore turned a deaf ear to his allegations. If the pursuer had not persisted in following the cab and had not met later on a less sceptical officer the remains of the murdered person might have been placed in a safe hiding place and the murderer have gone undiscovered.

Detectives may arrest the wrong person sometimes, but more often they allow a criminal to go free for fear of holding an innocent man.

Charlie Peace, the noted English criminal, used to laugh over the number of times he had passed a watchful policeman with a cheery "Good night" without arousing his suspicion. Charlie's frock coat and silk hat and his apparent knowledge of the neighborhood lulled to rest any suspicion that the officer might have at seeing him out at such a strange hour.

One summer afternoon an exceptionally well dressed stranger was seen to enter the front gate of a house in a wealthy neighborhood. He walked to the door and tried to open it with a key. As he could not do so he went around to a window, and pushing it open climbed in

through it. It was a suspicious proceeding, but as the man was dressed in the height of fashion the officer on the beat thought that it was the owner of the house, who, having forgotten his key, had used the window as his means of entrance. However, the officer thought it best to watch the place for a while to see if anything out of way might occur.

A short time later, emerging from the front door, the stranger stopped as if some one had spoken to him from within, and, saying: "Yes, Bess, I have my key this time," he lifted his hat and walked slowly away. Some hours later when the real owner of the house returned the policeman learned that his first suspicions had been correct, for the well dressed stranger had walked off with the jewelry and everything of value that he could lay his kid gloved hands upon.

Although the detectives of Paris are known the world over for their excellent work, the French officials of the smaller cities sometimes make ludicrous mistakes.

The police in a small seaport town of France were aroused to action a short time ago by a communication, from headquarters. A batch of six photographs was enclosed in the communication, with instructions that the original of them was hiding in their locality, and was urgently wanted. Of course, all of the six pictures were those of one man taken from different points of view, according to the Paris system.

The Paris authorities were astounded a few days later on receiving notice from the zealous officers of the little town that they had succeeded in landing five of the men and were sure to capture the sixth desperate criminal within a few hours.

#### HUNTING THE OSTRICH.

It is not commonly known that there are almost as many ostriches in South America as in Africa, and yet the annual export of feathers from the former country to the United States alone is in the neighborhood of nineteen tons, representing in money, \$41,467.

The "rhea," or South American ostrich, differs from the African bird in having its head and neck completely feathered, in being tailless and having three toes instead of two. It may be found in large numbers in the Argentine and Uruguay republics, and in the country extending from Bolivia, Paraguay and Brazil as far south as the Straits of Magellan. Its home is on the "pampas," or plains; sometimes on open ground, and more often near cover of grass and stunted undergrowth. Since the birds are wild and wary and their feathers are in demand, methods have been adopted to catch them, and these methods are at the same time a business and the most exciting sort of sport.

A powerful horse in condition to stand hard riding and long abstinence from water is the first consideration in ostrich hunting. The course is both annoying and dangerous, for, though the chase is on level ground, with no fences to fear, the rhea takes at once to the "pajás," or

high grass. This is not only a hindrance in itself, but conceals innumerable holes, made by ground hogs and moles, that are a constant menace to life and limb. Yet, on a clear day in the bracing South American climate, with plenty of game speeding before you over a country with an undulation like the ocean, no more exhilarating sport than the chase of the South American ostrich could be asked for. The most effective hunt is that followed by the Indians or Gauchos. They use the "bolas," or balls, three pieces of stone, lead or heavy hard wood, made round, and covered with rawhide. These balls are attached to thongs of the same material, which are joined together in the center. When all is ready the Indians mount their horses and approach the game in a large semi-circle, riding against the wind, for the ostrich is keen of scent, and once he suspects the presence of a man is off like lightning.

When birds are sighted the riders swing the bolas around their heads with great rapidity, their horses all the while going at full gallop, and within range hurl them at the game, entangling its legs, wings or neck, and tripping it, or stunning it if hit on the head or any sensitive spot. It is wonderful to see the natives rise in their saddles when at full speed, swing the balls and hit the mark, sometimes at a distance of eighty yards. If one bird is brought down the rest seem to become panic-stricken, and, instead of escaping, remain near their fallen companion. In this case a score of them may be killed on one spot.

To the man who loves hunting for the sake of the chase alone, horses and greyhounds appeal more. It is a sportsmanlike race, where the game has a chance for its life. It is very like fox hunting, except that the ostrich is swifter, if anything, and employs even more dodges than a fox. For instance, when the hunters are pressing close on the game, and it would seem that the dogs were about to capture it, the bird takes advantage of the least breath of air, raises one wing slightly, using it as a sail, and, running slantwise against the breeze, vanishes from sight like a leaf in a whirlwind. If by any chance the breeze dies out and the hunters again feel sure of their ostrich, the latter doubles like a fox, and so quickly and suddenly that the dogs pass beyond, making the hunt long drawn out, difficult and exciting.

Though the game laws have been passed prohibiting the killing of ostriches during the breeding season, little, if any attention is paid to them. It is estimated that from 300,000 to 500,000 birds are slaughtered annually, a number which has not only thinned out the species to a great extent, but promises in time to extinguish it altogether. The only remedy for this in a country where the law is ineffective would be to establish ostrich farms similar to those in Africa and California.

Nor is the ostrich hunted for its feathers alone. Its flesh is agreeable, somewhat resembling mutton, and an omelet made of the eggs—or rather several omelets made of one egg—possesses a delicious flavor. Consequently egg hunting is almost as much of a sport as ostrich hunting. Several hens lay in one nest, which sometimes holds from twelve to twenty-five eggs. The cock often hatches the eggs, and if disturbed during the operation becomes very dangerous, not hesitating to attack with his legs a man on horseback.

## GOOD READING

Japan now has forty-five gas companies, as against only seven five years ago.

The Prince of Wales is now the owner of one of the largest collections of post-cards in the world. It consists of more than ten thousand varieties.

Turkey's gradual change from a national system of time to a European standard has led to a demand for watches with two dials to show both kinds, recently.

The White Rats of America, an organization made up of vaudeville performers, are going to build a seven-story club-house on the north side of Forty-sixth street, near Broadway, and just west of the Globe Theater. A long lease has been secured on a frontage of 75 feet, and work on the new building will be begun soon.

After five years' work Australia's great trans-continental rabbit-proof fence has just been completed. Its length is 2,036 miles, and the cost of its erection has been nearly \$1,250,000. It is furnished at intervals of five miles with systems of traps, in which hundreds of rabbits are captured and destroyed daily. Inside the barrier there appears as yet no trace of their presence.

Mexico has just decided that the postal savings system of the United States is the best in the world. After examining the plans in use in various countries, Mexican officials have recommended the certificate of deposit idea used in this country as superior to the passbook methods of European countries. In consequence Mexico, when it opens postal savings banks in the near future, will use the American system.

The vanguards of the forces of Gen. Flavio Alfaro and Gen. Leonidas Plaza, rival aspirants for the Presidency of Peru, met last Tuesday near Huigra and Plaza's men retired after a brief skirmish. About 1,500 of the troops from Quito are now encamped at Alausi, while about 1,000 men from Guayaquil are concentrated at Huigra. Gen. Eloy Algario has issued a manifesto proposing that both armies lay down their arms and elect a civilian as President.

Because his schoolmates made fun of his height, John D. Fowler, fourteen years old and 5 feet 8 inches tall, has run away from home. Charles Butler Fowler, the boy's father, who lives at No. 43 Fifth avenue, Long Branch, N. J., and is a carpenter, told Police Headquarters his son had been missing since Monday. "John couldn't stand the jokes of his schoolmates," said Mr. Fowler. "He certainly is tall for his age. A couple of weeks ago he made up his mind he wouldn't go back to school. Things got a little bit strained over that question. So I think he is hunting for a place where people don't know of his age."

London's art treasures are now most jealously protected. The National gallery, in addition to having a secret system of alarms, is patrolled day and night by twenty-two constables and twenty-five employees. At the British museum the millions of pounds' worth of treasures are protected by over 200 assistants, including eight keepers of departments, fifty-three assistants, nine second division clerks, twenty-two chief attendants, ninety-six attendants, five boy clerks, twenty-three boy attendants, forty-three commissioners and fifty-one laborers, while a number of detectives in various disguises keep an eagle eye on things in general.

A machine that measures the wear caused by traffic upon public highways is among the scientific instruments now on show at the exhibition of the Physical Society of London at the Imperial College of Science, South Kensington. In speaking about this machine, an official of the Road Board referred to the wear on the various main roads of London. "Wood pavement," he said, "wears down one inch in about six years, except in places where the traffic is particularly intense. The asphalt pavement in the city wears down about half an inch in ten years. The ordinary country highway wears down two inches in from three to ten years, according to the amount of traffic."

A curious freak of a tornado took place on the Tucker farm in Kansas recently. Mr. Tucker, who was lying in bed with a broken leg, could not run to a place of safety when the storm was seen coming. His wife gathered the three little children, and they all piled on the bed with Mr. Tucker, the wife saying that if all were killed they would all die together. After the storm Mrs. Tucker found herself about fifty yards away, two little girls down in the bed of the creek, the little boy sitting on a pile of straw, all unhurt. Looking toward the house, Mrs. Tucker saw all of it swept away except the floor. But the bed still stood where it did before the storm, and her husband was still lying upon it, without a scratch.

Paper drinking cups are now in favor in New York because they are absolutely sanitary. Once used, they may never be utilized again, for while they are strong enough for the purpose for which they serve, the action of the water on the fiber makes it impossible to use them after a few minutes. The increased use of the sanitary cup was brought about by the law abolishing public drinking cups, in the interest of the general health of the people. The result has been a demand on the part of the public for the inexpensive but thoroughly sanitary paper cup. Most States have similar laws, and the rule is enforced on nearly all the railways. A traveler may purchase enough paper cups for a few cents to last a family for a journey across the continent, safe in the knowledge that infection is impossible, for the reason that his cups, in the original package, are wholesome and sanitary.

# ARTICLES OF ALL KINDS

By the introduction of improved machinery it is claimed that Great Britain is now in a position to build vessels cheaper than ever before. A London journal says the steamers of from six thousand to eight thousand tons can now be built at \$26.25 per ton of their deadweight carrying capacity.

Such things as selling a load of grass seed for \$1,200 are helping the North Dakota farmers to get away from the one-crop idea, according to W. F. Cushing, editor of the Fargo Courier-News, who was here recently. "Many farmers in the Red River Valley who let their millet and timothy ripen instead of cutting it for grass are reaping a fortune this year," said Cushing. "I have seen a great many loads of this seed sold in Fargo and Moorhead for over \$800, and I know personally of one load that brought over \$1,200."

A substitute for gutta percha, ebonite, celluloid, amber and other insulators has just been invented by Dr. Bakerland, president of the American Electro-Chemical Society, from whom it takes the name "bakelite." It is produced through the condensation of formaldehyde and phenol. It is said to be an electric insulator of the first rank, insoluble in all ordinary solvents, and not melting at high temperatures. In chemical constitution it closely resembles Japanese lacquer, the composition of which has always been more or less of a mystery.

The extension of the Florida East Coast line from Knight's Key to Key West, forty-six miles from the mainland, carried its first train across the coral keys on January 23. The islands, close together, are bound by single spans, and for long distances over water the bridges are so slender that they resemble wire arches and mark the perfection of engineering skill. The opening was made the occasion of a celebration of three days. Henry M. Flagler, who put through the enterprise, is the central figure here. There assembled in honor of the work the fifth division of the American Atlantic fleet, warships from Portugal and Cuba, Assistant Secretary of War Oliver representing President Taft and the Committee on Naval Affairs from the House of Representatives.

Mike Murphy, America's premier athletic coach and trainer, who has been selected to act in both capacities for the American Olympic team this year, is insistent in his declaration that he will accompany the team to Sweden. Murphy has been indisposed for the last few weeks, and for a time his condition was considered as serious. Murphy caught cold at the last Penn-Michigan football game, played in a sleet and snow storm at Ann Arbor. In a letter to Johnny Hayes, winner of the Olympic Marathon at London in 1908, Murphy states that he is rapidly convalescing, and that he expects to be ready to resume his coaching duties at Penn in a week or so. Murphy emphatically declares that he will be as well as ever long before the American team leaves these shores.

## IRISH BOY SCOUTS.

Nothing testifies so strongly to the power of the Boy Scout movement as the way various parties seek to lay hold of branches of it as part of their own organizations. Thus, while there are Baden-Powell scouts in Ireland, there is also a new development—the "Irish National Boy Scouts."

An official announcement proclaims that "this organization has come into being for the purpose of training Irish boys to work for the independence of Ireland and to combat the Anglicizing influence of the Baden-Powell scouts in this country. Our programme includes drill, physical culture, scouting, camping out, first aid, Irish history and Irish language. Hurling, cycling and other healthy amusements are encouraged."

## THE WORK OF A REMINGTON RIFLE.

Bridgeport, Conn., was recently the scene of a most remarkable aeroplane achievement. Not only did it thrill the vast army of spectators because of the reckless daring displayed by the birdmen, but it proved beyond all question that, with the right make of rifle, a marksman can shoot while flying at tremendous speed, with the same accuracy as when on the ground.

Army officers have been anything but satisfied with the results obtained with the service rifle, and the flight was planned as a test of a repeating arm of other than Government make.

The flight took place at the Lake Aerodrome before 10,000 people who paid admission, and a far greater number who occupied points of vantage upon neighboring hilltops, housetops and trees.

When Beachy came upon the field, a violent wind was blowing. Undeterred, he mounted his seat and was soon soaring high above. Beachy, as soon as he landed, hailed Lieut. Fickel, who was standing nearby, armed with a Remington-UMC rifle, and invited him to take a seat alongside.

This Lieut. Fickel did, and aviator and passenger were soon on their way.

Time and again the big planes could be seen to tremble as if they were about to snap when contrary gusts of wind caught them; and to those below the tilting and swaying of the monoplane were fore-runners of certain destruction to the aviator and his passenger.

When the machine reached the farther end of the field it suddenly turned, and came flying back at lightning speed. At the other end of the field, in full view of the spectators, a target had been rigged. When within firing range, Lieut. Fickel raised his rifle and sent two shots straight to the mark.

It was a wonderful performance and a fitting climax to a meet that was replete with sensational features.

In an interview after the demonstration, Lieut. Fickel said that he found the speed and accuracy of the Auto-loader a distinct advantage over the service rifles he had previously used in similar tests, and that he considered it the only practical gun for use under such conditions.

## PICK-ME-OUT PUZZLE.



The head is finished in black japan, and in the mouth is a highly polished steel ball. The puzzle is to pick out the ball. Price, 10c.; 3 for 25c. by mail, postpaid.

M. O'NEILL,  
425 W. 56th St., N. Y.

## VANISHING CIGAR.

This cigar is made in exact imitation of a good one. It is held by a rubber cord which, with the attached safety pin, is fastened on the inside of the sleeve. When offered to a friend, as it is about to be taken, it will instantly disappear.

Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid.  
J. KENNEDY, 303 West 127th St., N. Y.

## PIGGY IN A COFFIN.

This is a wicked pig that died at an early age, and here he is in his coffin ready for burial. There will be a great many mourners at his funeral, for this coffin, pretty as it looks, is very tricky, and the man who gets it open will feel real grief. The coffin is made of metal, perfectly shaped and beautifully lacquered. The trick is to open it to see the pig. The man that tries it gets his fingers and feelings hurt, and piggy comes out to grunt at his victims. The tubular end of the coffin, which everyone (in trying to open) presses inward, contains a needle which stabs the victim in his thumb or finger every time. This is the latest and a very "impressive" trick. It can be opened easily by anyone in the secret, and as a neat catch-joke to save yourself from a bore is unsurpassed. Price, 10c.; 3 for 25c., postpaid; one dozen by express, 75c.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

## MAGIC DIE BLOCK.

A wonderfully deceptive trick! A solid block, two inches square, is made to appear and disappear at pleasure. Borrowing a hat from one of the audience, you place the block on top, sliding a cardboard cover (which may be examined) over it. At the word of command you lift the cover, the block is gone, and the same instant it falls to the floor, through the hat, with a solid thud, or into one of the spectators' hands. You may vary this excellent trick by passing the block through a table and on to the floor beneath, or through the lid of a desk into the drawer, etc. This trick never fails to astonish the spectators, and can be repeated as often as desired.

Price, 35c., postpaid.

J. KENNEDY, 303 West 127th St., N. Y.

## BUBBLER.

The greatest invention of the age. The box contains a blow-pipe of neatly enameled metal, and five tablets; also printed directions for playing numerous soap-bubble games, such as Floating Bubbles, Repeaters, Surprise Bubbles, Double Bubbles, the Boxers, Lung Tester, Supported Bubbles, Rolling Bubbles, Smoke Bubbles, Bouncing Bubbles, and many others. Ordinary bubbles blowing, with a pipe and soap water, are not in it with this scientific toy. It produces larger, more beautiful and stronger bubbles than you can get by the ordinary method. The games are intensely interesting, too.

Price, 10c. by mail.

H. F. LANG, 215 Walworth St., B'klyn., N. Y.

## LATEST GIANT TYPEWRITER.

It is strongly made, but simple in construction, so that any one can quickly learn to operate it, and write as rapidly as they would with pen and ink. The letters of the alphabet most frequently used being so grouped as to enable one to write rapidly; the numerals, 1 to 10, and the punctuation marks being together. With this machine you can send letters, address envelopes, make out bills, and do almost any kind of work not requiring a large, expensive machine. With each typewriter we send a tube of ink and full instructions for using the machine. Price complete, \$1.00, sent by express.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

## THE FINGER THROUGH THE HAT.

Having borrowed a hat from your friend, push your finger through the crown of it, and it is seen to move about. Though very amusing to others, the owner of the hat does not see the joke, but thinks it meanness to destroy his hat; yet when it is returned it is perfectly uninjured. Price, 10c. each by mail.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

## RAVELLING JOKE.

Yards upon yards of laughs. Don't miss it! Everyone falls for this one. It consists of a nice little bobbin around which is wound a spool of thread. You pin the bobbin under the lapel of your coat, and pull the end of the thread through your button hole, then watch your friends try to pick the piece of thread off your coat. Enough said! Get one! Price, 12c. each, by mail. Postage stamps taken same as money.

H. F. LANG, 215 Walworth St., B'klyn., N. Y.

## LITTLE GIANT MICROSCOPE.

This powerful little instrument is made of oxidized metal. It stands on two supports made the exact length, to get a sharp, 1-inch focus on the object to be magnified. There is a high-powered lens of imported glass mounted in the circular eye-piece. It can be used to detect impurities in liquids, for examining cloths, or to magnify any object to enormous size. Can be carried in the vest pocket.

Price, 6c. each, postpaid.

M. O'NEILL, 425 W. 56th St., N. Y.

## SLICK TRICK PENCIL.

This one is a hummer! It is to all appearances an ordinary, but expensive lead pencil, with nickel trimmings. If your friend wants your pencil for a moment, hand it to him. When he attempts to write with it, the end instantly turns up, and he cannot write a stroke.

Price, 10c., postpaid.

H. F. LANG,  
215 Walworth St., B'klyn., N. Y.

## IMITATION FLIES.

Absolutely true to Nature! A dandy scarf-pin and a rattling good joke. It is impossible to do these pinning justice with a description. You have to see them to understand how lifelike they are. When people see them on you they want to brush them off. They wonder "why that fly sticks to you" so persistently. This is the most realistic novelty ever put on the market. It is a distinct ornament for anybody's necktie, and a decided joke on those who try to chase it.

Price, 10c. by mail postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

## SURPRISE MOVING-PICTURE MACHINE.

It consists of a small nickelized metal tube, 4½ inches long, with a lens eye-view, which shows a pretty ballet girl or any other scene. Hand it to a friend who will be delighted with the first picture, tell him to turn the screw on the side of the instrument, to change the views, when a stream of water squirts in his face, much to his surprise. The instrument can be refilled with water in an instant, and one filling will suffice for four or five victims.

Price, 30c. each by mail, postpaid; 4 for \$1.00.

H. F. LANG, 215 Walworth St., B'klyn., N. Y.

## RUBBER TACKS.

They come six in a box. A wonderful imitation of the real tack. Made of rubber. The box in which they come is the ordinary tack box. This is a great parlor entertainer and you can play a lot of tricks with the tacks. Place them in the palm of your hand, point upward. Then slap the other hand over the tacks and it will seem as if you are committing suicide. Or you can show the tacks and then put them in your mouth and chew them, making believe you have swallowed them. Your friends will think you are a magician. Then, again, you can exhibit the tacks and then quickly push one in your cheek or somebody else's cheek and they will shriek with fear. Absolutely harmless and a very practical and funny joke.

Price, by mail, 10c. a box of 6 tacks; 3 for 25c.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

## NEW TEN-CENT FOUNTAIN PEN.



One of the most peculiar and mystifying pens on the market. It requires no ink. All you have to do is to dip it in water, and it will write for an indefinite period. The secret can only be learned by procuring one, and you can make it a source of both pleasure and amusement by claiming to your friends what it can do and then demonstrating the fact. Moreover, it is a good pen, fit for practical use, and will never leak ink into your pocket, as a defective fountain pen might do.

Price, 10c. each by mail.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

## SLIDE THE PENCIL.

The pencil that keeps them guessing. Made of wood and lead just like an ordinary pencil, but when your victim starts to write with it—presto! the lead disappears. It is so constructed that the slightest pressure on the paper makes the lead slide into the wood. Very funny and a practical joke.

Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid; 3 for 25c.

H. F. LANG, 215 Walworth St., B'klyn., N. Y.

## BLACK-EYE JOKE.

New and amusing joker. The victim is told to hold the tube close to his eye so as to exclude all light from the back, and then to remove the tube until pictures appear in the center. In trying to locate the pictures he will receive the finest black-eye you ever saw. We furnish a small box of blackening preparation with each tube, so the joke can be used indefinitely. Those not in the trick will be caught every time. Absolutely harmless. Price by mail 15c. each; 2 for 25c.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

## PIN MOUSE.

It is made of cast metal and has the exact color, shape and size of a live mouse. Pinned on your or somebody else's clothes, will have a startling effect upon the spectators. The screaming fun had by this little novelty, especially in the presence of ladies, is more than can be imagined. If a cat happens to be there, there's no other fun to be compared with it.

Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid; 3 for 25c.

H. F. LANG, 215 Walworth St., B'klyn., N. Y.

## DUPLEX BICYCLE WHISTLE.

This is a double whistle, producing loud but very rich, harmonious sounds, entirely different from ordinary whistles. It is just the thing for bicyclists or sportsmen, its peculiar double and resonant tones at once attracting attention. It is an imported whistle, handsomely nickel plated, and will be found a very useful and handy pocket companion. Price, 10c.; 3 for 25c.; one dozen, 75c., sent by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

## TRICK CIGARETTE BOX.

This one is a corker! Get a box right away, if you want to have a barrel of joy. Here's the secret: It looks like an ordinary red box of Turkish cigarettes. But it contains a trigger, under which you place a paper cap. Offer your friend a smoke and he raises the lid of the box. That explodes the cap, and if you are wise you will get out of sight with the box before he gets over thinking he was shot.

Price, 15c., postpaid.

J. KENNEDY, 303 West 127th St., N. Y.

## METEOR FOUNTAIN PEN.

A perfect fountain pen. Why pay \$1 or \$2 for a fountain pen when we will sell you one that will do just as good service for one-fourth the amount. This pen is made in Germany. The handle is made of vulcanized rubber, and the pen is self-filling. You have simply to dip the point of pen in your ink-stand and turn the screw a few times to the right, which fills the reservoir without any soiling of hands. When ready to write you turn the screw slightly to the left, which permits the ink to flow freely to the pen. Each pen in a handsome gold lettered box, with directions for use in six different languages, including English. Price, 35c., or 2 for 60c. by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

# OUR TEN-CENT HAND BOOKS

**No. 1. NAPOLEON'S ORACULUM AND DREAM BOOK.**—Containing the great oracle of human destiny; also the true meaning of almost any kind of dreams, together with charms, ceremonies, and curious games of cards.

**No. 2. HOW TO DO TRICKS.**—The great book of magic and card tricks, containing full instruction on all the leading card tricks of the day, also the most popular magical illusions as performed by our leading magicians; every boy should obtain a copy of this book.

**No. 3. HOW TO FLIRT.**—The arts and wiles of flirtation are fully explained by this little book. Besides the various methods of handkerchief, fan, glove, parasol, window and hat flirtation, it contains a full list of the language and sentiment of flowers.

**No. 4. HOW TO DANCE** is the title of this little book. It contains full instructions in the art of dancing, etiquette in the ballroom and at parties, how to dress, and full directions for calling off in all popular square dances.

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**No. 7. HOW TO KEEP BIRDS.**—Handsomely illustrated and containing full instructions for the management and training of the canary, mockingbird, bobolink, blackbird, parquet, parrot, etc.

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**No. 18. HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL.**—One of the brightest and most valuable little books ever given to the world. Everybody wishes to know how to become beautiful, both male and female. The secret is simple, and almost costless.

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**No. 35. HOW TO PLAY GAMES.**—A complete and useful little book, containing the rules and regulations of billiards, bagatelle, backgammon, croquet, dominoes, etc.

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**No. 37. HOW TO KEEP HOUSE.**—It contains information for everybody, boys, girls, men and women; it will teach you how to make almost anything around the house, such as parlor ornaments, brackets, cements, Aeolian harps, and bird lime for catching birds.

**No. 39. HOW TO RAISE DOGS, POULTRY, PIGEONS AND RABBITS.**—A useful and instructive book. Handsomely illustrated.

**No. 40. HOW TO MAKE AND SET TRAPS.**—Including hints on how to catch moles, weasels, otter, rats, squirrels and birds. Also how to cure skins. Copiously illustrated.

**No. 41. THE BOYS OF NEW YORK END MEN'S JOKE BOOK.**—Containing a great variety of the latest jokes used by the most famous end men. No amateur minstrels is complete without this wonderful little book.

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